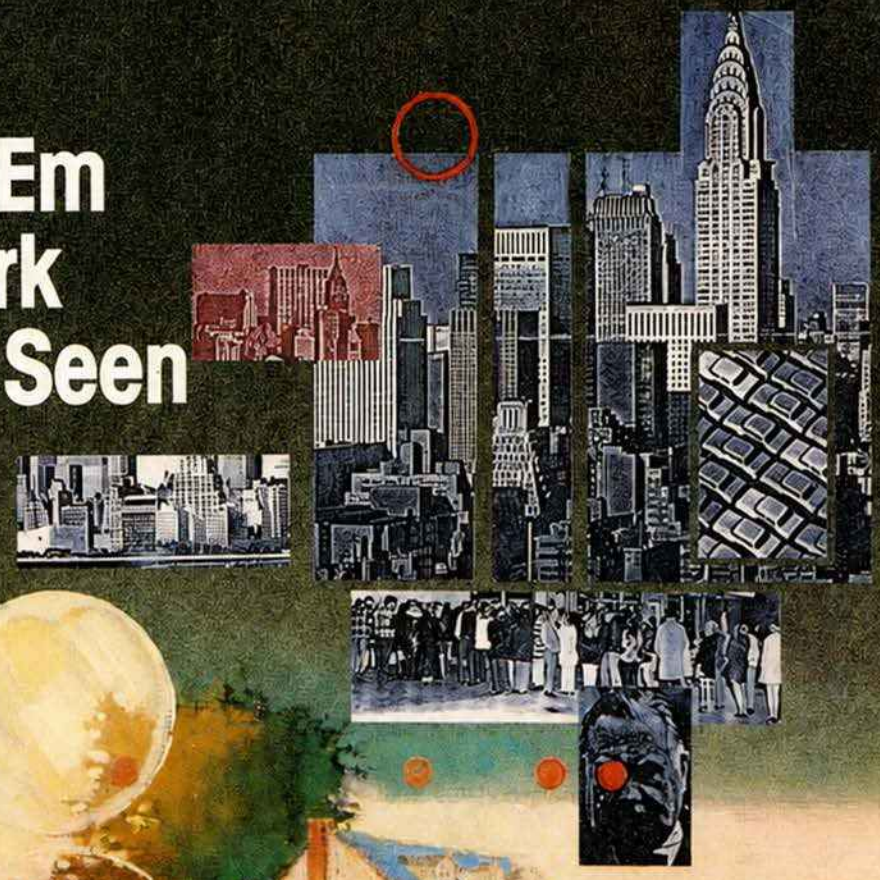
Volume V Number 3 Summer 1985 $3.00

Southern PARTISAN

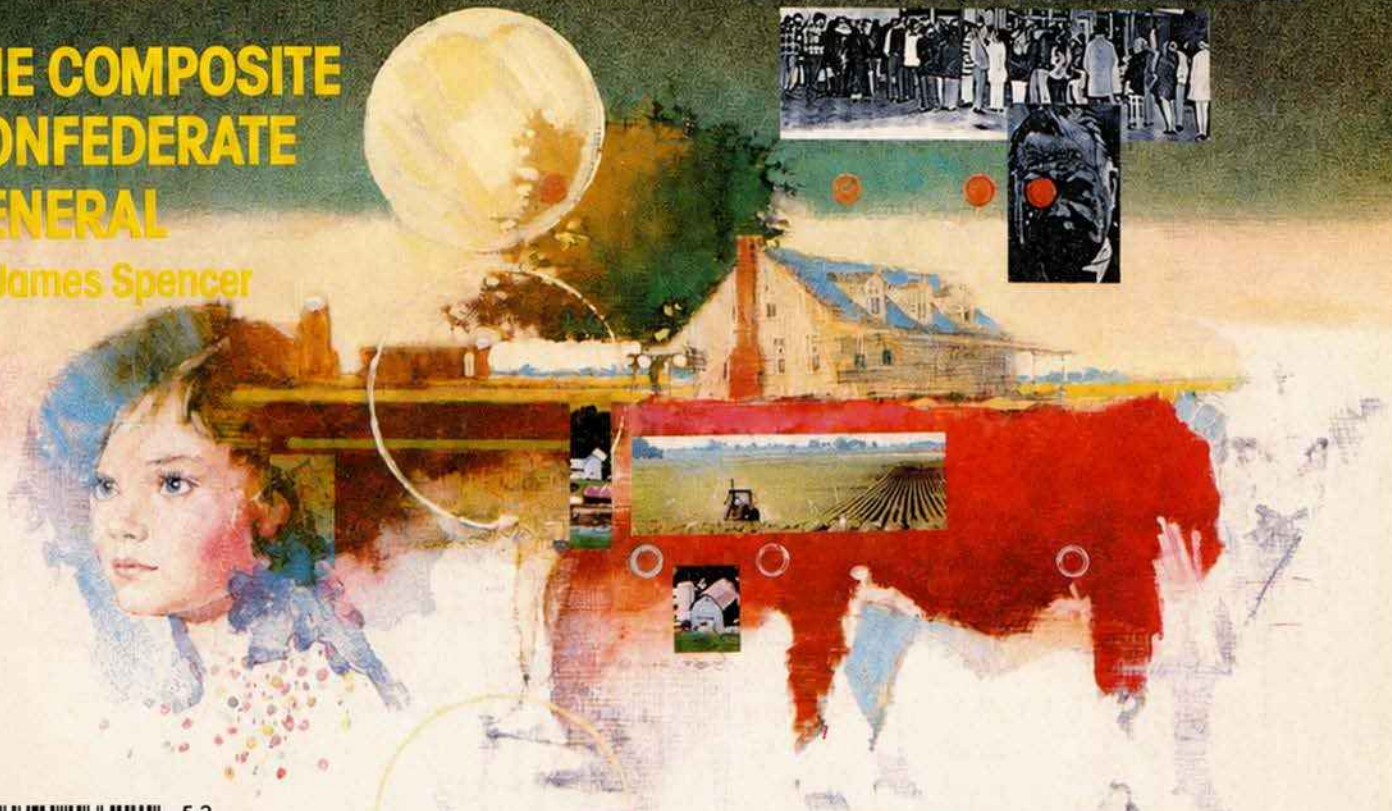
How You Gonna Keep 'Em Up In New York After They've Seen Mississippi?

By Larry Cobb



THE COMPOSITE CONFEDERATE GENERAL

By James Spencer



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"Council of War"

With his fighting blood up, Robert E. Lee was, perhaps, the consummate commander, the gentleman-warrior with that great flame of genius within. He was a tightly-wound master of not only thousands of fiery soldiers, but of himself as well, loved by his troops to the point of blind adoration, respected by his enemies occassionally to the point of blind, debilitating fear. Don Stivers has shown Lee not as the photographs have--a grandfatherly, static man--but as the focal-point of much of the pomp and glory that is American Military History.

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"The Truce"

"The Truce"

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How You Gonna Keep 'Em Up In New York After They've Seen Mississippi/ Larry Cobb used to fly big airplanes all over the world (he was a commercial airline pilot). Now he's landed permanently in Oxford, Mississippi, with a small farm, a few cows—and he tells us that freedom never tasted so sweet..... **18**

The Composite Confederate General/ James Spencer loaded his computer with a wheelbarrow full of facts and figures about all the generals of the CSA: and no matter how much you thought you knew about the men in gray, we bet you can't read this piece without whispering, "Gosh, I didn't know that."..... **14**

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PARTISAN LETTERS

Homage To Virginia

Gentlemen:

I beg leave to speak a few words on the Commonwealth of Virginia. In the territorial expansion of the nation through the 48th state, all areas were added to the nation primarily due to Virginia leadership.

Washington established the republic west to the Mississippi. George Rogers Clark and William Henry Harrison made the midwest secure. Jefferson purchased Louisiana. Monroe brought Florida.

Lewis and Clark claimed Oregon. Scott and Taylor made possible the Mexican cession and the subsequent Gadsden Purchase, after Austin and Houston founded Texas.

In more recent years we might mention the contributions of Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Nelson Page, Douglas Southall Freeman, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, and Dr. Walter Reed.

A state which has contributed so much to the nation does not deserve casual aspersions such as appeared recently in *The New York Times* and even *American Spectator*. We might add in closing that enemies of superior values are not the best judges.

Edwin Pleasants
Charleston, South Carolina

The Makers of War

Gentlemen:

In reply to Roy Bruno, Jr. of Rochester, feeling guilty about how the North raped the South during the War. To generalize the actions of the men in power of the Federal and Confederate governments during and after the war as the true voice and desire of their respective populace, is to say that the present government in Washington, D.C. always speaks with the approval of the majority of the American people. We know what a fallacy that idea is.

The industrial barons of New England had little in common with the farm boys of the Susquehanna, Ohio and Mississippi valleys, except to send them to do the dirty work of fighting and dying for a cause that counted little to them personally. I suspect the same theory would hold true for the mountain boys of Tennessee and Arkansas or the youngsters from Texas in relation to the wealthy plantation owners of the deep South. Rather than blame one side or the other, blame the ignorance of men in power on both sides for allowing the greed and special interests of a select few to cause the holocaust of Northern and Southern Americans for four long years. To settle with blood, what should have been decided by the pen of compromise or the ballot of the voting booth. What did a boy from Iowa or Wisconsin know of the cabinet decisions made in Washington when he died at Shiloh? Or the Virginia or Alabama youth who lost his life at Gettysburg know of the same cabinet decisions made in Richmond. The lessons that should have been learned from the American Revolution against the English throne were never realized by the North or South in their differences. The saddest reality of all—have we really learned a lesson from the War about the misuse of central power over the wishes of the people? I think not.

Richard L. Flowers
Groveport, Ohio

Collected Comments on Buckley

Gentlemen:

What is good taste? Is it age, beauty, and expense? I can think of a collectible item that Reid Buckley included in his contemptible collectibles category that is offensive to good taste and yet meets artistic requirements of beauty and authenticity. That is the Franklin Mint Civil War chess set.

In this set, the queen for the North is not Mary Lincoln or Julia Grant, but the saintly Clara Barton. The queen for the South is not Varina Davis or Mary Lee, but Belle Starr, the bandit queen of Texas, part-time spy and part-time madam. For the knights of the South, Jeb Stuart is O.K., but Joe Wheeler? (Well, you knew they would ignore Forrest.)

What bad taste needs is the competition of good taste that is affordable, and that the Franklin Mint certainly needs. I never did learn why a chess game has two queens; women are non-combatants. An ambulance and a telegraph would make as much sense as Clara Barton and Belle Starr. Since the queen is the most maneuverable piece on the board, it ought to be represented by the commanding general, and since the king represents the president and his government, the two kings should be Davis and Lincoln. The object of the game is to make the government surrender, and a field commander does not have that authority.

Make a chess set about a third of the price that the Franklin Mint wants to gouge me for, and I'll buy it. Good taste is not just shine and sparkle.

J. A. Privette
Denver, Colorado

Gentlemen:

I was astonished by Reid Buckley's column in the Spring '85 issue. Although I share Mr. Buckley's distaste for the "collectibles" racket as practiced by the Franklin Mint, Hommel Plates, etc., his statement that anything worth collecting is necessarily far beyond the "$25 to $250 market" I can only characterize as idiotic. If Mr. Buckley would take the trouble to turn to S.P.'s classified ads and to call Jim Hayes, whose name and address is listed there, he would discover that he could purchase a war-dated autograph of C.S. Lt. Gen'l Hardee for $60, or of C.S. Maj. Gen'l Earl Van Dorn (a very scarce autography, by the way) for $125. He would also find that he could purchase a post war autograph of many a C.S.-Gen'l or politician for as little as $15 or $20. The elitist snobbery which suggests that only a rich man can build a collection of real significance is demonstrably false, and unworthy of the *Southern Partisan*.

Tom Cardineau
Sound Beach, New York

Editor's Note: Not only that, the **Southern Partisan** *(at twelve bucks a year) is singularly collectable. Next time, be sure to look closely at Mr. Buckley's cheek and note the slight bulge there created by his tongue.*

Other Religious Objections

Gentlemen:

Although I delight in the scholarship and sauce of the *Southern Partisan*, theologians you ain't! There is a theological and ecclesiastical myopia which clouds seemingly every issue.

Anglo-Catholic Tradition and Thomistic Natural Law Ideas represent only a part of the South's culture. There was a rich Reformed, i.e. Calvinistic, Presbyterian heritage flourishing and influencing the South until the red and pale horses ravaged our land. In the Fall '84 issue of the *Partisan* on page 33, there is a quotation from Thomas Jefferson about the Reformed Presbyterians. One wonders if you all know more than you are telling. You might be interested to learn that during the reign of Charles II (Stuart), 1660-1685, Colonial Carolina was founded and populated with Reformed Presbyterians from Scotland sent as *slaves* of the crown for their ecclesiastical convictions. Also, the Reformed Presbyterians of Scotland, e.g. Samuel Rutherford and Co., lost no love over Cromwell. But the aberrations of one man or a group, as the Puritans, did not change their theology. Self-serving hypocrisy is a Yankee trait your contributors have not mentioned; perhaps it hits too close to home...

G. H. Elliott
Griffin, Georgia

Gentlemen:

I write to request that you use more care in what you publish and how you go about including *all* who generally support your outlook and approach, rather than through alienating unnecessarily those who are your friends.

I am a retired Unitarian clergyman. John C. Calhoun was one of the first seventeen founders of All Souls Unitarian Church in the nation's capital. Mr. Jefferson proclaimed that he was "a Unitarian all by himself." So my denomination is not in any way alien to our Southland...

James Madison Barr
Memphis, Tennessee

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More Flag Facts

Gentlemen:

You are correct that the Confederate battle flag, the Southern Cross, was square. While the exact figures escape me, it is my information that the flag, designed by General P. G. T. Beauregard, was of three sizes. The smallest size was for cavalry, followed by artillery, while the largest size was reserved for infantry. The flag to which you referred as the second Confederate flag was known as the Stainless Banner. The third Confederate flag was known as the Last National. The flag was never actually flown but was discovered in the archives of the Confederate Government. My source of information is a flag set which I purchased on my last visit to Richmond at the Museum of the Confederacy...

C. Michael Ritchey, Esq.
St. Petersburg, Florida

Gentlemen:

I really enjoyed the latest issue; I do suspect you of being part of a conservative conspiracy—being a reformed Libertarian, that doesn't bother me.

A comment on the flag issue: I've never liked the way the flag has been misused over the years—especially the way it's been turned into a symbol by rednecks, bikers and assorted thugs.

As an historical aside, the rectangular flag was used mostly by small units in the Army of Tennessee under Johnston (J. E.) in '64 or as a "navy jack."

What you missed is all the Western flags—Hardee Pattersen, Van Doren, etc., that were carried—check out "The Battle Flags of the Confederate Army

of Tennessee"—Madaus & Needham, Milwaukee Public Museum Press.

On Memorial Days I hang a 1st National and a 17th Tennessee flag—most people have no idea what these flags are, and even those who do don't see them as any "racist" statement. Anyway, with all the flag research I've read and done, I've never figured out how this flag became known as the "Rebel" flag.

Michael Gilbert
Jamesburg, New Jersey

Gentlemen:

Your excellent article in the current issue on the Confederate Flags overlooked a most important point: the St. Andrews Cross on the Battle Flag is the letter "X", the Greek letter "Chi", the initial letter of Christ (as in "Xmas"). Whether or not this symbolism was in the minds of those who carried it into battle, something shed a glory around that banner that inspired its followers to perform deeds of extreme valor and self sacrifice, and unfurled it in the heart of every lover of the South.

Francis W. Springer
Schuyler, Virginia

Gentlemen:

My life as a country parson has been immeasurably enriched by the arrival of the spring issue of *The Southern Partisan* in this week's post. I was somewhat startled, however, when I read that

> . . . when the vote on secession was taken in Mississippi a new flag was flown with a white field, a magnolia tree in the center, and a blue canton on which there was a single star. This flag, finished with a red bordering fringe, was the "Bonnie Blue Flag". . . . (p. 16)

Rather than challenge the veracity of *The Southern Partisan*, I choose to believe that a paragraph was inadvertently deleted by the same printer who left the definite article out of the magazine's name on the cover. Nonetheless, for the benefit of your readers who were left wondering why our ancestors called a white flag with a magnolia tree on it the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star, I shall share a story from my childhood.

When I was a boy, my great aunt Dody often took me with her to visit her friend, Miss Elizabeth Hard in Greenville, South Carolina. She had a toy box filled with the most marvelous toys. In later years I learned that most of them were well over a hundred years old. When I grew older and became interested in more grown up things, I asked her about an old blue banner, about three feet square, with a five pointed star in the center which she had framed and hanging in her parlor.

"Why, that is the Bonnie Blue Flag," she answered in surprise that a school boy would not know it at first sight. "When my father went to Columbia for the secessionist convention, they gave one to all the delegates after they voted to come out of the Union."

While Alabama adopted the style of the Bonnie Blue Flag for the canton in its corner, the Bonnie Blue Flag was a simple field of blue with a white five pointed star in the center. The blue canton of the Stars and Bars reflected the growth of the Confederacy in which "The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven."

In memory of Colonel Hard who cast his lot with the cause, and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth, who was one of the last sho nuff daughters of the Confederacy, I humbly submit that this is the truth about the Bonnie Blue Flag.

Harry L. Poe
Simpsonville, Kentucky

Grit and Bear It

Gentlemen:

As a Charlestonian who has been temporarily residing in Atlanta for the last 23 years, I was very interested in the article about your magazine in the *Atlanta Journal & Constitution.*

Actually, my husband and children and I live in Dunwoody, which has become a haven for transplanted Yankees over the last seventeen years. This area was once very peaceful.

Since we are now definitely in the minority in our area, I would like more information about your publication. My children *need* it! They're learning bad habits in spite of my efforts (like eating hash browns instead of grits for breakfast—but not in my home!).

May I please hear from you very soon.

Rosemary C. Willsen
Dunwoody, Georgia

Editor's Note: Hold on. A ration of back issues has been dispatched.

Speak To Now

Gentlemen:

I want to compliment you on "The Third Way." We need more articles that link the South to world-wide movements.

The Russell Kirk article was the best, one of the few I've seen on the restructuring of American politics. More like this! After all, a lot has happened in the world since the War Between the States.

Robert Briggs
Panta Gorda, Florida

Coke vs. Pepsi

Gentlemen:

You will find that Coca-Cola is a Southern drink, and more related to the Cause than any other. Pepsi is owned mostly by Yankees.

I certainly agree with Tom Landess (Trivium, Spring '85). Moreover, I have both good and bad news for you. The good news is that according to a test made by ABC on the 20/20 program, most people tested liked new Coke over Pepsi, and I could not possibly agree more about the woman you refer to. The bad news is you will have to find another potato chip to go with the Coke you are now drinking, because the Pepsi Company also owns Frito-Lay. I refuse to purchase Frito-Lay's products myself because of this fact.

Harold G. Britton
Louisa, Kentucky

Gentlemen:

Tom Landess explained that for a very good reason he has stopped drinking Pepsi Cola, but he has swapped the devil for the witch by switching to Coca-Cola.

When Coca-Cola put a plant in the enemy country of Red China, I quit buying Cokes. When the company succumbed to Jesse Jackson's blackmail, I stopped drinking any of their concoctions, even if offered a free one.

If Tom must ruin his good bourbon with a carbonated, tooth-decaying mix, let him change to "Cola." It is made by *Deep South* Products of Orlando, Florida.

Mack Rumbley
Roanoke, Alabama

Editor's Note: Real Men don't mix good bourbon with anything but branch water.

PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

Ulysses S. Grant died of throat cancer 100 years ago this year.

And since our culture is given to the celebration of round numbers, now is perhaps a good time to reconsider the life of America's 18th president, the man who (according to popular myth) engineered the Union's final victory on the battlefield.

Actually, his real name was not Ulysses S. Grant. His given name was Hiram, with the middle name Ulysses.

An average student at West Point, Grant finished 21 in a class of 39 and went on to an undistinguished career in the Army, from which he resigned as Captain in 1854. During this period, he did marry well. Julia Boggs Dent, the daughter of a successful Missouri planter, became his bride in 1848.

After Grant dropped out of the Army, Julia's daddy gave him 80 acres to farm in Missouri, which Grant neglected in favor of a St. Louis real estate venture which he mismanaged. Both the farm and the business failed, and Grant, at the age of 38, took a job at his own father's leather goods store in St. Louis during the months preceeding the outbreak of war.

After the secession movement began in the South, President Lincoln (abashed by the prospect of ruling over only half a nation) decided to enforce union at the point of a sword. Yet most of the best military men in the country were loyal Southerners. So the decision to invade the South invigorated Grant's military career, as the Lincoln government began its desperate search for competent officers.

As a commander, Grant showed more flair than he had as farmer or businessman, but in spite of superior resources, his campaign against the South reduced to a war of attrition, an endless flow of new men and new material against a foe who lacked both.

But regardless of circumstances, victory on the battle field is a great rehabilitator of reputation. So after the war, Grant began a new career in politics, leading to a strange encounter with President Andrew Johnson that gave us yet another insight into Grant's character.

As every schoolboy *used* to know, the radical Republicans in Congress were not well disposed toward the South. Through their Reconstruction program, they sought to level the structure of Southern society, an objective not shared by Andrew Johnson. So after Lincoln's death, the Radicals attempted to hamstring the new President, to deny his appointments and to limit his powers as commander of the armed forces. Indeed, the Tenure of Office Act (1867) maintained that the President could not fire his own cabinet members without Congressional clearance.

Outraged by this usurpation of presidential authority, Johnson obtained from Grant a promise to help him test the constitutionality of the Tenure Act. With assurances of fidelity from Grant, Johnson fired the treacherous Edwin Stanton and appointed Grant to replace him as Secretary of War —an action which the radical Congress used as cause to impeach the President. But Grant reneged on his promise to Johnson and resigned the disputed post to placate the congressional Republicans and to put comfortable space between himself and his embattled President.

The maneuver turned out to be a political coup. In the 1869 election, old Hiram Grant became the hand-picked candidate of the radical Republicans.

Following his Presidential years, once again Grant turned his hand to private business, forming Grant and Ward, an investment firm in New York City. That too collapsed in scandal, when Ferdinand Ward swindled all the investors (Grant apparently included). This last fiasco depleted Grant financially and fully restored his antebellum reputation as one of life's failures, a man both rescued and ruined by the circumstances of tragic days.

When the ex-President died in 1885, at the age of 63, he had begun to publish his heroic memoirs in a contract venture with Mark Twain, another noted writer of fiction. To his credit, General Grant (aware that his throat cancer was quickly advancing) set a courageous hand toward completing his book. The manuscript was finished only days before his death.

After the war, General Lee refused publicly to criticize Lincoln, opting never to speak ill of the dead. In that spirit, we should all agree that General Grant was courteous to Robert E. Lee at the Appomattox Courthouse. Indeed, he apparently admired Lee. As well he should have. And Grant did let our men take their horses with them after the surrender.

But as a correspondent from Charleston wrote me recently, they weren't his horses anyway.

OBITER DICTA

SAVE BEAUVOIR

For years, the good people at Beauvoir have struggled to keep the memory of Jefferson Davis intact by maintaining his Mississippi home as a pristine sanctuary for the truth. Thousands of visitors come to Beauvoir every year and they are reminded of an extraordinary man who lost a young wife, a country and his own freedom but never lost his sense of honor or his passionate attachment to the Constitution.

Now, as we go to press, news arrives here that Beauvoir has been damaged substantially by the hurricane: the library ruined, trees and headstones downed, the guest cottage destroyed. In all, over $300,000 in damages, without full insurance coverage.

An emergency appeal has been launched. Please send your contributions to:

Save Beauvoir Committee
P. O. Box 220
Biloxi, MS 39531

THE HIGH COURT'S PETARD

Our friend Sheldon Vanauken has come up with the best idea yet to restore prayer to public schools. The Supreme Court, it seems, begins every session with the words, "God save the United States and this honorable court." When asked about the propriety of this practice, spokesmen for the court invariably say that their opening sentence is *not* a prayer.

Vanauken's suggestion? Let every public school in the nation begin its day with the words, "God save the United States and this honorable school." If this practice were legally challenged the Supreme Court Justices would face three uncomfortable alternatives. One, they could rule that because the schools were following the Court's own formula, the statement was not a prayer — and hence permissible. Two, they could admit that the Supreme Court itself has been mistaken about its own practices all these years and has therefore behaved in an unconstitutional manner and face the possibility that all decisions readied under those inauspicious circumstances are now legally void. Or three, they could argue that somehow, some way the word "school" substituted for the word "court" transforms an innocent bit of rhetoric into a pernicious prayer.

Surely the second and third of these choices would prove so embarrassing to the justices that they would reluctantly have to allow the nation's schools to begin their day with Vanauken's, uh, "proclamation." And that just might satisfy the rest of us — except, of course, the ACLU and about three-fourths of the federal judiciary.

WHY NOT APPOMATTOX?

War has broken out among the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the first battle was fought down in Raleigh, North Carolina. The result: many wounded sensibilities, some slain hopes and a vow among survivors to fight on in the hills of Virginia.

The issue? Where to locate the national headquarters of the organization. It seems that Tennesseans came to the convention to fight for Franklin, while Virginians insisted that Manassas was the more appropriate site.

Of course, we have only the account of the Virginians and we want to make it quite clear that we're merely reporting what we have heard. *According to our sources*, the Tennesseans, motivated by Boosterism, argued (of all things!) that if Franklin were chosen, then SCV headquarters would be near the new GM plant in Spring Hill and would therefore draw more visitors. Of course, they did point out as well that the Battle of Franklin was fought near the proposed site and that this hallowed ground also attracted a number of tourists.

The Virginians replied that it was precisely the Battle of Franklin to which they objected — an engagement which (they claimed) was mismanaged by Hood and which resulted in the slaughter of over six thousand Confederate troops, as well as six of our own generals.

Manassas, the Virginians continued to argue, was the site of not one but *two* great Southern victories and for this reason was a much better choice for the site of the new permanent headquarters. "Would the British," they asked rhetorically, "establish a monument to their army at Gallipoli? Would the French at some later time erect a headquarters for the Foreign Legion at Dien Bien Phu? Would the Pentagon like to be relocated in Saigon?"

"Even the Yankees," they perorated, "have their chief monument at Gettysburg rather than Chancellorsville. So what has gotten into us?"

What indeed? Rather than attempt to answer that question, we will leave the matter open for further debate. If the Tennesseans, who were victorious, want to give their side, they can have equal space. We will even donate our offices in Columbia for a meeting place in order to resolve these differences between brothers. But we would like it understood that no one will be permitted to wear sidearms.

RIP

You can kiss Spring Hill, Tennessee goodbye. The worst fate imaginable has overtaken this small country town: it has been

PARTISAN DICTIONARY

Pessimist - Prophet

Greed - Your wanting what I've got

Ambition - My wanting what you've got

Junk - Shelter in China, food in America

Mid-east turmoil - Saharan drought, Antarctic ice

Nuclear - When too many particles disintegrate at once, a chain reaction causes uranium to explode. The same thing happens to a society when nuclear families come apart.

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A couple of thousand people, mostly farmers and small businessmen, have suddenly found themselves surrounded by gleeful newsmen and camera crews, shoving microphones in their faces, asking them how it feels to be so lucky. Imagine, where green pastures roll and silver silos now stand there'll soon be a General Motors plant turning out thousands of new Saturns — 6,000 jobs for the area (there are only a couple of thousand people in Spring Hill, most of them employed), new stores, new businesses, new money. In a couple of years, you won't know the place.

For example, at present there are only two policemen and one liquor store. But think of it: in 18 months there will be God knows how many policemen and God knows how many liquor stores. That's the New South! That's what the Chamber of Commerce calls progress!

Of course, even now the local real estate agency is making money the way the farmer used to make compost. The story broke prematurely at the end of a hot July week, and by Monday morning, when GM made the news official, the principal Spring Hill realtor announced weekend sales of $15 million. Tom Brokaw's eyes watered as he rejoiced in their good fortune, and people were saying that someday Spring Hill would be another Detroit.

We don't know what pig-eyed Tennessee politician was hustling behind the scenes to bring this about (the two U.S. Senators made the initial announcement jointly); but whoever it was, he should have been compelled by law to move to Detroit. Talk about the Emerald City of Oz! No wonder GM is moving out and coming South where the air is purer, the streets safer and the tax structure suicidally more favorable. GM knows what's good for GM. Never mind that the gutted, poverty-stricken place they left behind — easily the most hideous major city in the nation — is a thing of their own creation, theirs and the other two giant corporations that have done so much to turn us into a nation of rootless vagabonds. But when you ruin a Northern city, there's always the South, where Chamber of Commerce presidents and local politicians are forever saying: "We've got good labor conditions, a low income rate and friendly folks. Why don't y'all come on down and spoil it."

People in Spring Hill know they've been done in. Not all of them, to be sure, but more than you might expect; and you can bet that when Fall comes this year, they will be gazing at the yellowing oak trees and reddening maples with a special sadness, one born of a knowledge that something beautiful and fragile is dying, a community they shared with one another and with a rapidly diminishing number of Southerners who have, since 1865, tenaciously held out against the Yankees. Now suddenly, tragically they've been overrun; the enemy has reached the outskirts of town, dressed in blue three-piece suits, flashing satisfied smiles, saying: "At last we've come to free you, from want, from boredom, from tradition, from manners, from God. Soon you'll be just like us!"

But, as one resident said, when they stuck a microphone in his face: "You can make a fast buck when you sell your property — but then you got to leave home."

SCALAWAG AWARD

It's too hot to get really mad at anyone, and we're tired of writing ugly copy about politicians. Hence our Summer Scalawag Award: to a group that calls itself "The Southern Theater Conspiracy" and which has recently inspired a feature story in the *Washington Post.*

Their most celebrated offering is *Tent Meeting*—a play about a Southern evangelist and his pregnant daughter—and it has actually been drawing audiences in places like Charleston and the nation's capital. Its modest success is probably explainable in terms of the Yuppie sensibilities that underlie it. Most Yuppies in the South come from fundamentalist backgrounds that are not considered stylish in suburbia. Such people like to believe they've transcended the old folks, who still live back in Bibleville, and this play allows them to feel that sense of superiority without exciting at the same time a sense of guilt. It's an old formula that we figured had been exhausted by *Inherit the Wind.* We should have known better. If a con game is fundamentally sound, it can be revived for each new generation. People are still falling for the Three-Card Monte, and they still go for the old Elmer Gantry routine.

Also, *Tent Meeting* helps everybody who doesn't go to church to feel good about himself. As co-playwright Levi Lee told the *Post* moodily, "When I went back to the theater, I found I didn't need to go to church any more."

The Southern Theater Conspiracy was founded in Atlanta (1978), where for awhile it played to audiences of six and more. The founders report that they embarked on this venture so that they would be able "to do the plays we always wanted to do." And have they? "Well," Ray explained, "we found out that we didn't know what plays we wanted to do."

There's no point in talking further about these people. As a matter of fact, we're sorry we brought them up in the first place. But it's been a long, muggy August, and since companies have stopped making DDT, the flies are getting so bad you can hardly kill them all on a summer's night, particularly if you've got a hole in your bedroom screen. About the only thing you can do is to pull the sheet over your head—and then you can't feel the fan.

Incidentally, by popular demand we've brought back the thirty pieces of silver as a graphic for this department. It's too bad we didn't do it on a more auspicious note.

THE PARTISAN AWARD

Otto Scott, in his memorable study of *The Secret Six*, reminded us that the issue of slavery was debated and disposed of by "the stroke of a pen" in Brazil, Mexico, Portugal, France and the nations of Western Europe. Among the civilized nations, only this one wrote the emancipation decree with spilled blood. And the spilling began in 1856 when John Brown (in the Holy Name of Abolition and with financial backing from a group of New England ideologues) hacked to death innocent families in the Kansas Territory.

Since then, the gods of Abolition have periodically required human sacrifice. Today, they are smacking their lips over South Africa, where a stubborn band of Christians are dissolving the system of apartheid as quickly as they can. But nothing short of violence is ever fast enough for the holy warriors. The ritual of Harpers Ferry will not be denied.

To demonstrate their egalitarian sensibilities, all the wily politicians of the Western World have cast stones at the government of South Africa. Reagan was different only in timing. He lobbed his rock at a gratuitous moment, when the bleeding government was too wounded to dodge and too dazed to feel the sting. An ignoble spectacle.

During these moments of mass hysteria, we should pause to respect the few and better men who refuse to join the mob. With admiration, therefore, we give our Preston Brooks Award to the Southern members of Congress who resisted the call of the anti-South Africa fanatics by voting against the so-called sanction legislation. In the Senate, these include Strom Thurmond of South Carolina (who has forced us to modify an earlier opinion expressed on this page). Jeremiah Denton of Alabama, John East and Jesse Helms of North Carolina.

In the House, they include Congressmen Archer (Texas), Armey (Texas), Barton (Texas), Boulter (Texas), Callahan (Alabama), Combest (Texas), DeLay (Texas), Emerson (Missouri), Fields (Texas), Hall (Texas), Hartnett (South Carolina), Leath (Texas), Mack (Florida), McCollum (Florida), Quillen (Tennessee), Slaughter (Virginia), Snyder (Kentucky), Stenholm (Texas), Taylor (Missouri).

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

We expand Trivium *this time to bring you the text of a speech delivered by our Associate Editor at Arlington National Cemetery in commemoration of Jefferson Davis' birthday and in honor of the Confederate dead.*

This monument, erected to the soldiers of the Confederacy on confiscated property, is singularly appropriate: classical in its lines, carved with a Latin allusion to Cato, situated in the midst of the infinitely patient dead. Jefferson Davis and the people over whom he presided modeled their conduct after the traditions of the Roman republic, which included a strong sense of piety towards family, country, and the gods as well as a commitment to the idea of political freedom.

Cato was a defender of that republic and a vocal opponent of Caesar; he feared the kind of "union" that Caesar was proposing, one built on the principles of central control and rigid conformity, both maintained by force of arms. When Cato, a stoic, was defeated on the field of battle and saw that Caesar was destined to rule, he took his own life. Jefferson Davis, a Christian, lived out his days as an object of national villification. Both, according to their lights, were good losers; and though neither is well-regarded in our own time, that fact is more a measure of modern society than of these two men, who fought so long and so magnificently to preserve the integrity of the past.

As for the dead, they are the same in any age, whether symmetrically arrayed, as in this national cemetary, or scattered like random stars in the darkness of country churchyards. They keep their own counsel. They remain obligingly uncritical. They manage a prudent silence on such questions as states rights, slavery, the playing of Dixie, and the flying of the Confederate flag.

Renewal of the anti-Southern madness of the 1850's is a relatively new phenomenon. The monument standing behind me, completed in 1914, was dedicated by President Woodrow Wilson, son of a Confederate soldier who nevertheless became Governor of New Jersey and later chief executive of the entire nation. Everyone of importance attended the dedicatory ceremonies. No swarm of protesters shouted slogans or waved signs. The president didn't even have to visit Andersonville by way of partial atonement for his sins. And all this during a period when many ex-slaves and veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic were still alive.

Curious, isn't it, how ideological and unforgiving official Washington has become since then. For example, no one until quite recently assumed that the flying of the Confederate battle flag or the playing of "Dixie" had anything to do with slavery. For the past several decades we've been content to amend our lives and to commemorate quietly the heroism and sacrifice of men we never knew, even as bent and wizened figures dressed in faded gray.

So why is it suddenly Standard Operating Procedure to strike our nationless flag and to ban our unpretentious little song. After all, it is not as if in "Dixie" we had claimed that the Lord was on our side, trampling out the grapes of wrath, and that our enemies were marching in the army of the Devil. *Our* song merely says that we like it back home, even if there's nothing to eat there but buckwheat cakes and Injun batter.

Of course we all know some of the reasons why this startling animosity has surfaced. It's because of a renewed interest in the subject of slavery. But the ultimate cause, I would suggest, is ignorance, an ignorance profound and endemic to the age. No one now remembers the complexities of the world which produced such a tragic conflict as the War Between the States, and as a consequence everyone is free to falsify the past with relative impunity. For only conscience need restrict us, now that people who lived in that world are safely consigned to the earth.

Thus with ideologues writing our textbooks and our history lessons too often taught by the ill-educated and lazy, our citizens (both North and South) don't learn enough historical fact to make responsible judgments concerning the past. Facts are like bones: they give the rest of the body something to hang on. Without our bones we could all be poured into molds as easily as cookie dough, while our frantic eyes floated on the top like raisins. We resist the thought; and so does Clio, the Muse of History, who resents being baked and packaged by an academic establishment which is the intellectual equivalent of the National Biscuit Company.

Among those facts we have forgotten as a nation, the ones most crucial, are those concerning the origin and practice of slavery in America and the method by which it was finally abolished. Once remembered, these truths—which are complicated and painful—reveal the

implausibility of associating these dead or the flag they fought under with an exclusive devotion to slavery.

First, we need to recall how slavery was first brought to these shores and who initially profited from it. New Englanders—and particularly those from Massachusetts—were the first "Americans" who made huge sums of money through slave trading. In fact, in the year the American Constitution was adopted the chief slave-trading states were Rhode Island, New York, and Pennsylvania.

Southerners were among those who, at the Constitutional Convention, supported a clause abolishing the slave trade; but delegates from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania were likewise among those who successfully lobbyed to extend the trade for another twenty years after ratification.

Yet as late as 1858 a New York ship landed over 400 illegal slaves on the coast of Georgia, and in 1861 Abraham Lincoln was forced to admit to Congress that "five vessels, being fitted for the slave trade, have been seized and condemned." He was talking about Northern ships.

Even after the slave trade the complexity does not end; for the Great Secret, which many historians have kept as well as Rumpelstiltskin kept the secret of his name, is the degree to which the "peculiar institution" was not peculiar to the South. In point of fact, all of the Northern colonies practiced slavery at one time or another, and several of them entered the Union as slaveholding states. John Hancock, who so ostentatiously signed the Declaration of Independence with its affirmation of equality, was often seen in the streets of Boston with four liveried slaves in front of his coach and four behind, trumpets blowing to signal the master's arrivals and departures.

And Benjamin Franklin, who represented Pennsylvania at the Constitutional Convention, was attended in his declining years by a slave boy named Bob, bought with Franklin's money, but technically owned by his son-in-law so that Poor Richard might continue to enjoy the political support of Philadelphia Quakers. Of the remaining delegates from Pennsylvania virtually half owned slaves, including the distinguished James Wilson. Indeed the delegations of other Northern states also contained slaveholders, and apparently most looked with favor or equanimity on the institution.

Seventy-five years later, after Secession, five Union states still permitted legalized slavery: and in others, blacks born under slavery were still held in bondage for life. These slaves were not freed until the passage of the 13th Amendment, some time after the slaves in the South had been emancipated by executive fiat. Thus American slavery began and ended in the North.

But what of the Confederate soldiers, whose decency and political propriety are now being called into question? Their leader, Robert E. Lee, voluntarily freed the slaves under his control, saying that the institution was a moral and political evil. He looked forward to a time when, in his words, "the mild and melting influence of Christianity" would eliminate the problem.

By contrast, U. S. Grant, was content to keep the slaves under his control until forced by law to surrender them. And his commander-in-chief, Abraham Lincoln—later to be called The Great Emancipator—helped to settle his father-in-law's estate by selling the Todd slaves down the river.

As for the ordinary Confederate soldier, since according to conservative estimate only about one out of every fifteen Southern whites ever owned slaves, it could be reasonably argued that of the approximately 600,000 soldiers in the Confederate army, no more than 40,000 were personally affected by the issue. Are we then to believe that 560,000 others fought solely or even marginally for the privileged few among their number?

Of course the idea that the North was fighting primarily to abolish slavery came after almost two years of bone-shattering, blood-spilling conflict, upon the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation. Only two years earlier Lincoln had written: "Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with their slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you that there is no cause for such fears. "And later, in his First Inaugural Address, he said: "I declare that I have no intention, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery in the states where it exists." Still later he would repeat the sentiment, saying that if he could perpetuate the Union by perpetuating slavery he would do so.

Why, then, the Emancipation Proclamation? The matter will be debated until the archangel Gabriel declares the question moot, though Lincoln himself said he deemed it "a fit measure for suppressing said rebellion," suggesting that his motives were strategic. But one thing is certain: the Proclamation itself did not say or do what most Americans think.

In the first place, it did not free *all* the slaves—not those in the five slave-holding Union states and not even all the slaves in those states that seceded. Indeed, so morally ambiguous is the document that under certain conditions *no* slaves would have been freed by it.

What the Emancipation Proclamation said was essentially this: that no Union slaves were affected; that slaves were freed only in those states which had seceded; that certain parishes and counties in Louisiana and Virginia, those held by Northern forces, were excepted from the terms; and that if the seceding states returned to the Union before a certain date, they would be allowed to keep their slaves.

The irony of Lincoln's move was not lost on Lord Palmerston, Queen Victoria's highly-civilized prime minister, who pointed out that Lincoln undertook to abolish slavery where he was without power to do so, while protecting it where he had power to destroy it.

I have recalled these facts neither to reassign our substantial guilt to to others nor to suggest that, like characters in a comedy, we are all miraculously innocent in the end. Southerners, to be sure, have sinned deeply—and one thing we have always believed in is the reality of sin. In our better moments we dwell on our own transgressions and leave those of others to the disposition of a Higher Authority. In general we have no illusions about the state of our sorry souls; and for this reason it is unlikely that we will ever start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Southerners.

But it doesn't hurt to remind others as well that history is not a "closet drama" exposing the mass appetites of greedy capitalists and sacrificial proletarians, of nobel Yankees and depraved Rebels. History is, instead, an account of men and women with names and faces, people at least as complicated as we know ourselves to be, and—in some ages—perhaps even more so. We need to ask ourselves not only *what* these dead were but *who* they were and, to many of us, still are. And it helps to come to places like this, to read names, to ask ourselves questions, and to imagine answers.

We move among these graves in an admiration that is only slightly diminished by the years, asking ourselves what made them willing to fling away their lives in a moment's exchange or sudden skirmish. We go home, take down the books, and study photographs to determine if these men, dead more than a century now, look anything like the boys we see leaning out of car windows or playing frantic guitars, their hair dyed purple. But while there's a superficial resemblance, there's something missing in this latest bunch—a set of the jaw, a glint of the eye.

One of the Confederate soldiers in the book looks like a movie idol—blond, blue-eyed, a square jaw and a straight nose. Called the "Gallant Pelham" by those who wrote of him, he was a member of the horse artillery, and when the two armies were locked in a stalemate, exacting heavy casulaties, or when the Union forces were getting the better of the exchange, he would charge out along between the lines-completely exposed, dragging his Parrott gun behind him—and while shells burst all around him, he would direct his cannon at the enemy and turn the tide of battle.

No one could believe it when he survived the first such encounter, and he did it again and again, cited for valor almost every time he went into battle. Then one day, when the nearby infantry was beginning to falter, and with nothing better to do, he grabbed a horse, and with sword extended he rode at the head of the rallying line. The last thing he saw was the dark, round eye of a cannon.

Some of the photographs of soldiers were taken on the field after bloody conflict. One shows five Confederate soldiers sprawled on both sides of a rail fence, lying in a newly-mown field. At first glance they appear to be resting after a long morning of work. But the more you look at them the more you realize that no one could possibly rest propped at such angles, their legs splayed like the legs of broken dolls.

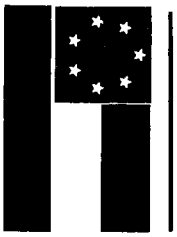
Many of the boys in such photographs are unbearably young, little more than children. Yet most of them went to war willingly, certain of their duty. Toward the end, when Lee's army was all but defeated, the general was stopped by a small, frail private who asked him wistfully if the men would have to go back into battle soon, having just sustained heavy casulaties. Lee looked the boy for a long moment and then replied n an even voice that, yes, they would indeed have to move to the front again—and immediately. Then the general turned to his duties and the private prepared to carry out his commander's orders. The soldier was Lee's own son Robert. He was barely seventeen.

Given names, faces, histories like these, it is difficult to say they were no more than arrogant defenders of a cruel economic system.

Of course, those who have rewritten the past to deprive these dead of their reputation have done so according to a kind of rigorous moral impulsion that is not itself malicious. Yet such historians are too close to the issues of their own day to measure the worth of those who lived in another time with another view of such imperatives as courage and duty and honor. To understand these older virtues—which have fallen into disuse—one must take a long view of history and see these Confederate soldiers in their proper setting, among their true comrades.

Let me suggest to those who denigrate the past that they fly over this national cemetary, as I have recently done, and see the enormous spectacle of these dead—*all of them*—those who fell on the Fields of Flanders and at the Argonne Forest, on Anzio Beach and the top of Porkchop Hill, and in the jungles of Southeast Asia—as well as at First Manassas, Shiloh, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Franklin, and Petersburg.

From a great height this place looks like a gigantic green scroll covered in precise calligraphy with thousands and thousands of white, oblong words—or, rather, with one word written in perfect symmetry thousands and thousands of times. Whatever that cryptic word is, it is equally the name for all who are buried here—North, South, East, West—all who wait patiently, silently with one another, eternal brothers freed forever from the indignity of politics and the impurity of time.



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

It was probably a small item in your newspaper, no more than two or three sentences. But it may have been as significant as the first bead of perspiration that signals the breaking fever. The Alabama State Board of Education cut five (5) teacher education programs at Alabama State University because 40% of ASU students failed their certification tests. Of course the school sued. They claimed that the examinations were discriminatory; and the Supreme Court may side with the University, which is predominately black.

What is important is not that a black school has been penalized. We're sorry that it wasn't a white school instead, because the issue would have been clearer. What is miraculous here is that somewhere, somehow, an education program has been discontinued, a few courses dropped. These things have been proliferating like roaches for the past fifty years, and it looked as if we were never going to get rid of them. Nothing worked. Denunciation by intelligent teachers and educators, investigations by legislative committees, boric acid—all these remedies have in turn failed; and now, a ray of hope, a rainbow, a crocus. We'll hold our breath on this one and see what happens next.

ARKANSAS

A small defeat in a large war: in Stamps, the city fathers passed an ordinance that prohibited the sale of obscene video cassettes in local stores. But it seems that you can't pass prohibitions like that any more, and one of the porn peddlers took the city to court and won. The city attorney announced that under the circumstances they probably wouldn't bother to appeal the ruling. Meanwhile, the video store is suing the city for $1 million.

GEORGIA

Southerners should be pleased to learn about the *Great Savannah Exposition*, a permanent extravaganza which includes a museum, a theater and a multi-media recreation of important events and figures in Southern history.

For Revolutionary and Confederate buffs, there are authentic uniforms and weapons as well as some maritime and railroad replicas.

Many of the tourist attractions throughout the region are owned by national corporations and feature themes which are irrelevant to local history and culture. The exposition is Savannah concerned, Savannah operated and Southern in emphasis. If it doesn't do at least as well as Disneyworld, then the South has lost its soul. For information, write to: *The Great Savannah Exposition; 303 West Broad Street; Savannah, Georgia 31499* or call (912) 238-1779.

FLORIDA

Florida has always had its problems. You get down below Naples and suddenly you're in another world—it isn't the South, it isn't America. It isn't even the planet Earth.

This past summer in Palm Beach, they opened up a new camp dedicated to the proposition that kids, even at the age of twelve and thirteen, ought to be obsessed with money, just like their parents. The result of such thinking: Camp Big-A-Bucks, with headquarters in the famous Breakers Hotel.

The purpose of Camp Big-A-Bucks was to teach children the important things of life; like how to manipulate the stock market, plan their portfolios, when to buy and when to sell. The climax of the summer session was a trip by limousine to the offices of Merrill-Lynch, where everyone invested $100 in the stock of his choice.

When questioned by reporters about their aims in life, one bright-eyed youngster replied that he wanted to grow up "to be a rich bum like Hugh Hefner." Another repeated one of the lessons he'd learned during his peachy-keen time at camp: "Money is life."

Next summer, following the bully success of Camp Big-A-Bucks, no doubt organizers will conceive Camp Steal-A-Million, which will teach boys and girls from 10-14 the fundamental principles of embezzlement. Camp Steal-A-Million could be held in the Fontainbleu at Miami Beach and should generate at least 52,000 applicants from South Florida alone.

LOUISIANA

A modest victory in a large war: word comes from Louisiana that Time Saver, a major convenience store, has just agreed to take *Penthouse, Playboy* and similar publications off their newsstands. Curious how this minor miracle came about, we called the Rev. Dick Bashta of Reserve, who has been deeply involved in the movement to eliminate pornography.

What had they done? Principally, he said, they had prayed. Every morning from 5:45 to 6:45, at least fifty of the folks in the community had come to the Reserve Church and petitioned God "that righteousness be established in our community and land." The prayer, he emphasized, was fundamental to the movement—and much more important than any other single activity.

Next fall, they plan to join with Christians from all over the nation, congregating in Dallas to demand that the Southland Corporation, owners of 7-11 stores, do likewise. Bashta and the others who will join him are well aware that in Southland they have a formidable foe.

But Bashta is convinced that something else is abroad in the land besides Greed Power. "We are seeing a Third Great Awakening," he said. "It is starting in the South, but it is spreading everywhere. We love Jesus and we want to see sin eradicated in our land."

As we said, a small victory. Now Goliath waits in Dallas, arrogant and powerful, and come fall, let's just see

whose severed head lies on the battlefield.

MISSISSIPPI

Down in Jackson, they handpicked a bale of cotton, just for old time's sake, and on August 31st, they ginned it at the Agricultural and Forestry Museum. The event made the national wire services.

Now, no one could possibly argue that times were better when you had to pick the stuff by hand. *Of course* automation was a good thing. You can't fight progress, and replacing human beings with machines is always progress. Never mind that the price of cotton is off these days, that the American textile industry is on the brink of extinction, and that thousands and thousands of former agricultural workers have been dispossessed as part of the "revolution." Eventually everything will work out for the better—just as soon as we invent a few more electronic gadgets.

In the meantime, this quaint little ritual is repeated annually in Jackson, a commemoration of the Bad Old Days when there was plenty of farm work in the Magnolia state, people were eating food from thousands and thousands of gardens, and New Yorkers were standing in soup lines.

MISSOURI

First, the Republicans announce that they may hold their 1988 convention in St. Louis. Then Ronald Reagan, ready to tackle the problem of tax reform, kicks off his campaign against the "do-nothing Congress" in, of all places, Independence. After his speech a bunch of Missourians were running around screaming, "Give 'em hell, Ronnie!"

Oh my! What would Harry Truman say?

NORTH CAROLINA

Civil authorities in the Tarheel State have learned that Joe Conrad takes his property seriously. Last year, when a divorce court ordered him to sell his house, his seven acres, and his grandfather clock in order to settle with his wife, Joe simply.... well, he just said, "No!"

In order to teach him a little respect for the court, the judge charged him with contempt and sent him to jail.

OKLAHOMA

It seems someone has discovered an old law that is so unreasonable and so inhumane that Sooners just can't believe it's still on the books. Yet there it is, in unambiguous language—football fans are prohibited from drinking while riding chartered buses to and from a game.

It's an *old* statute, mind you; but while constitutional lawyers are frantically preparing briefs, many Oklahomans are tying chairs, mattresses, pots, and pans to the top of their cars and saying farewell to their neighbors, bitter tears in their eyes.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Last issue we reported that Charlestonians has risen up once again against Yankee despotism, this time telling the film industry that when they came to town they had to behave like decent human beings—a tall order for Californians. We even cited specific examples of the new code; that filming could not begin before 7 A.M. and had to end by 8 P.M.

Well, we take it all back. The same crew that prompted the uprising wanted to come back again to film a sequel. But they simply could not abide by the rules laid down after much complaint from the home folks. So they went before the appropriate board and were granted a variance from the ordinance: specifically, the film crew would not have to abide by the legal strictures on hours. The vote was unanimous and the action didn't have to come before the City Council for review.

TENNESSEE

Colonel Paul Rockwell, RIP

His life was an incredible catalogue of accomplishments: reporter for the Atlanta *Constitution*; member of the French Foreign Legion; organizer in 1916 of the famous flying squadron, the Lafayette Escadrille; again a fighter for the French during the early days of World War II; U.S. Army Air Corps officer after 1941; recipient of three croix de guerres, two bronze stars, and other decorations too numerous to mention; member of the Sons of the American Revolution and Sons of Confederate Veterans.

At 96 he has at last laid down his sword, which was drawn so many times in defense of his people and their heritage. Appropriately he will sleep in the soil of the Volunteer State among ageless cedars that remember John Sevier, Nathan Bedford Forrest, and Alvin York. He finds a place of honor among these, whose valor is beyond the merciless dispute of time.

VIRGINIA

Another sighting!

Will Temple, a farmer, saw it late in August, a huge glistening coil thirty feet below him in the valley. At first he thought it was a tractor tire, something made in Japan with beady-looking treads. Then the thing suddenly straightened out and began to "wriggle and wobble." It was there in the cornfield—literally he could have hit it with a stone—and at one time he said he could see exposed segments that totaled forty feet.

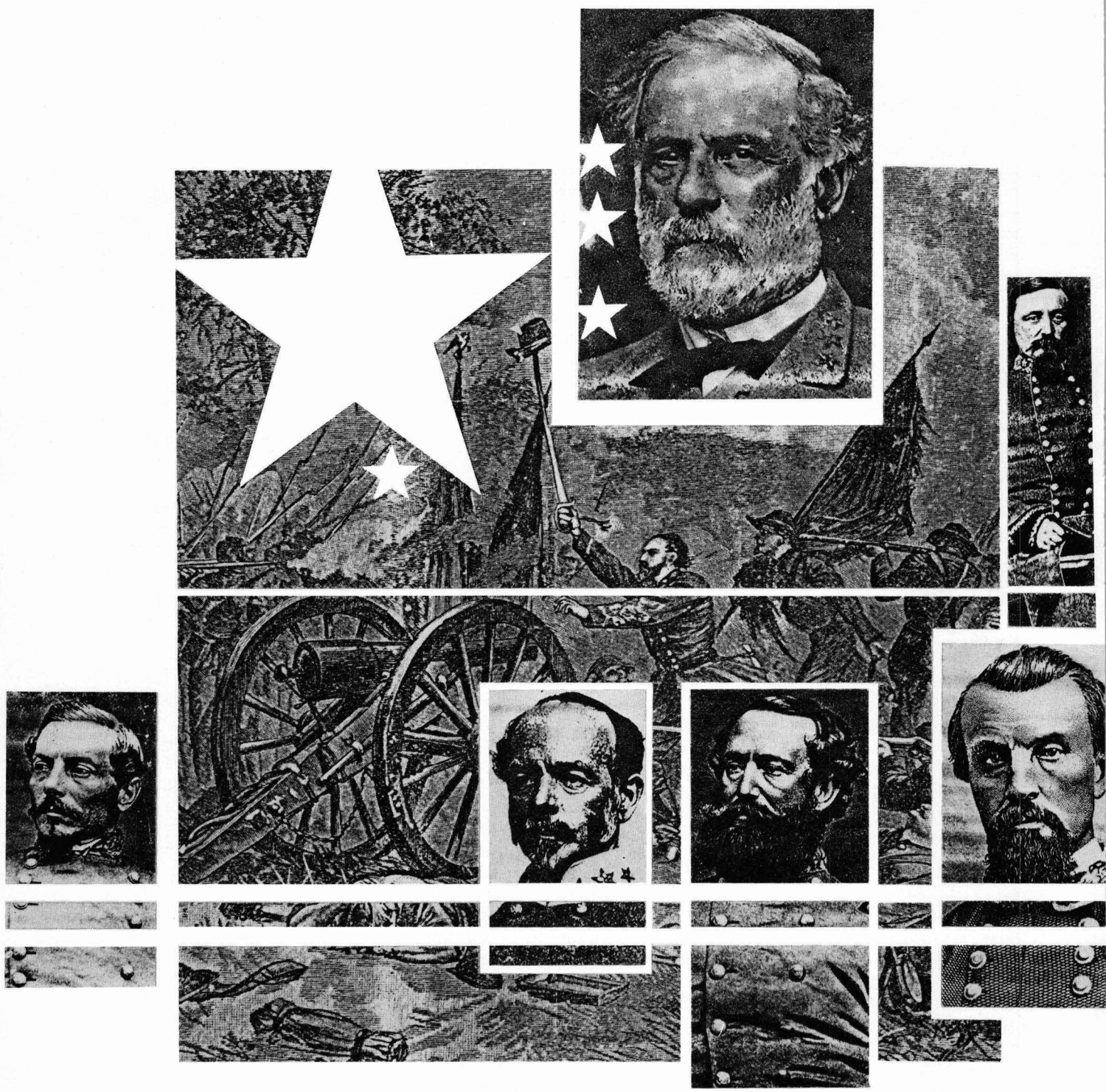
"I won't even say it was a snake," he said in a newspaper interview. "I'd call it a serpent, or an animal. But it was too big for a snake. There's no snake in the world that's forty feet long!"

He said the corn stalks, all of which were brown from the late summer sun, rustled so loudly while the thing slithered away that he couldn't hear the traffic on I-95, which is usually all anyone can hear, particularly during tourist season.

"The sweetest sound I ever heard," he was quoted as saying, "was the first truck grinding into third gear after that swishin' stopped."

Temple, who is sixty-eight years old, has not had a drink since V-J Day; and his wife, who spoke with us only reluctantly, swore he had never said or done anything extraordinary in his entire life. She said, "I believe he actually saw something."

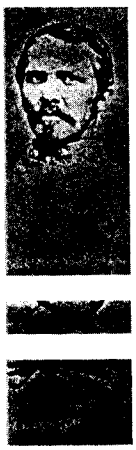
"Tell him it had a pink tail!" we heard him shouting in the background, but he refused to come to the phone.

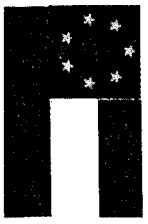


There were 425 Confederate generals. To research this report, a computer was given all the available information on these great men, producing some fascinating facts and a few surprises.

THE COMPOSITE CONFEDERATE GENERAL

By James Spencer





Of the 425 Confederate generals who served in the War Between the States, 317 (almost 75%) were born in only 6 Southern states; Virginia furnished the most with 87, followed by Tennessee's 51, Georgia 50, South Carolina 48, North Carolina 44 and 37 from Kentucky (which also provided 41 to the Union). Nine of the Southern generals were foreign-born (Ireland 5, France 3, and England 1). It is also significant that 32 were born in the North, coming from New York (8), Pennsylvania (6), Massachusetts (6), Ohio (5), New Jersey (3), Maine (2), and 1 each from Rhode Island and Connecticut.

The most common first names of the Southern generals were William (56), John (44) and James (31). Other popular names were Thomas (17), Robert (16), George (14), and Henry (12). The most common last names among the generals were Smith (8), Walker (8), Anderson (7), Jackson (6), and Lee (6).

Major General Bushrod Rust Johnson is awarded the honor of "Most Colorful Name", while another contender for the title might be Brigadier General Stand Watie, a three-quarter blood Cherokee Indian. Brigadier General States Rights Gist would be the "Most Patriotic," at least from the Confederate viewpoint. Without any competition whatsoever the "Longest Name" award is presented to Major General Camille Armand Jules Marie Prince de Polignac, born in Millemont, France.

Before the war the major occupations of the generals were lawyers and professional soldiers. But from a number of 142 generals who were attorneys before entering the war, only 51 worked as lawyers after their paroles. Thirty-three of the 96 generals who died during the war were lawyers, but still this was a considerable drop in the profession. Professional soldiers fared even worse; the total of 130 prewar officers plummeted to only 6 following the war, and all 6 served in foreign armies. Brigadiers Henry Sibley, Raleigh Colston and Alexander Reynolds, along with Major General William Loring went to Egypt, Major General Bosby Parsons to China, and Major General John Magruder to Mexico.

Following their war service, 95 generals entered politics, compared to 63 in that field before the war. Included in this number of politicians are 19 members of Congress (15 before the war), 9 U. S. Senators (4 before), and 19 state governors (only 7 prewar). Farming claimed 48 ex-generals compared to 42 before the conflict. Before the war 6 future generals engaged in law enforcement duties with 4 U. S. marshals and 2 sheriffs. After the war 11 worked in this field, including 5 U. S. marshals, 3 sheriffs, and 3 police chiefs.

Nineteen generals worked in the education field prior to the war as teachers, principals, college professors and

presidents, while after the war 18 followed this path.

Three generals had been ministers before their war service, the most notable of these Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, an Episcopal Bishop. Five were ministers after the war.

Another interesting field is that of the practice of medicine. Prior to war, 5 followed this pursuit, but although all of these doctors survived the conflict, none practiced their profession after the war. Brigadier General Richard Gano became a Christian Church minister, Major General James Anderson changed to newspaper editor, while the remaining 3 converted to farmer, railroad builder, and member of Congress.

Ten generals were attending college or West Point when the war started, and 2 had been serving in the U. S. Navy. Brigadier General Richard Page was a naval Commander with 27 years service when the war started.

Perhaps the most distinguished prewar occupation of all the Confederate generals was that of Major General John Breckinridge who served as Vice President of the United States under President James Buchanan. General Breckinridge practiced law following the war. The remaining generals engaged in such varied jobs as merchant, engineering, postmaster, insurance and cotton brokers.

The War Between the States has long been labeled as matching brother against brother and father against son. This appears to be just as true in the general officer ranks as with those of lower rank. Many of the Southern generals were somehow related to Federal generals.

Brigadier General John Cooke was the son of northern Major General Philip Cooke and Confederate Major General James Ewell Brown "JEB" Stuart was his brother-in-law. Major General George Crittenden had a brother, Thomas, who was a general for the Union. Brigadier General James McIntosh and Federal Brigadier General John McIntosh were brothers. Brigadier General James Terrill's brother, William, fought for the Union. Brigadier General Abraham Buford had two cousins who were Federal generals. Brigadier General Alexander Wise was brother-in-law to Federal General George Meade, and Brigadier General Roswell Ripley was a nephew of Northern General James Ripley. In one of the most unusual relationships, Brigadier General Benjamin Hardin Helm was married to Emily Todd, half sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

But, if it was a war that divided families, there were also a number of Confederate generals related to each other in some manner, who served together.

General Robert E. Lee was the father of Major Generals George Washington Lee and William Lee, and Major General Fitzhugh Lee was his nephew. Jerome Robertson was the father of Felix Robertson, both Brigadier Generals.

There were several brother acts for the Confederacy: Brigadier Generals Daniel and William Adams, Barnard and Hamilton Bee, Ben and Henty McCulloch, Peter and William Starke, and James and Thomas Harrison; Brigadier William Forney and Major General John Forney, Brigadier Matt Ransom and Major General Robert Ransom, Jr. , Brigadier Thomas Cobb and Major General Howell Cobb.

Brigadiers Louis and Paul Hebert were first cousins, and Louis was brother-in-law to Brigadier General Walter Stevens. Brigadiers Robert and Richard Garnett were also cousins. Brigadier General William Jackson was a second cousin of Lieutenant General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, and Brigadiers Zachariah Deas and James Chestnut, Jr. were cousins.

At the beginning of the conflict, the average age of generals and future generals for the Confederacy was 38. Major General David Twiggs at 71 was the oldest, and Brigadier General William Roberts, lacking 3 months of being 20, was the youngest.

The United States Military Academy at West Point produced 14 Confederate Generals. Only one, Brigadier General George Hodge, graduated from Annapolis. Antoher 19 were products of various military schools. Virginia Military academy produced 12, South Carolina Military Academy 4, while Kentucky, Nashville and Western Military Institutes each furnished one. The earliest Southern general graduate from West Point was General Samuel Cooper of the class of 1815, while Major General Stephen Ramseur, class of 1860, was the last graduate. Other generals would have graduated in 1861, but resigned only weeks before graduation when the war broke out.

The West Point classes of 1842 and 1846 each produced 9 Southern generals. The class of 1842 developed higher ranking general officers with four Lieutenant Generals and five Major Generals, but 1846 had Lieutenant General "Stonewall" Jackson, plus five Major Generals and three Brigadiers.

Many generals did not complete their full educational term, but 180 attended at least one college. The most popularly attended schools were South Carolina University (21), Virginia University (18), and North Carolina University (12).

The generals were as widely scattered in death as they were in life. Two died at the tender age of 24, while nine survived into their 90's, the oldest, Brigadier General Richard Page, lived to the age of 93. Fifty-three lived into their 80's and amazingly 107 (over 25% of the original 425 and almost a third of those who survived the war) made it into their 70's. Brigadier General Robert Garnett was the first Southern general to die when he was killed in battle July 3, 1861 at Carrick's Ford, Virginia at the age of 41, and Brigadier General Felix Robertson had the distinction of being the sole surviving Confederate general when he passed away April 20, 1928 at the age of 89. It also seems strange that although only one general originated from Texas, 27 resided there at

the time of their deaths. Fifty-five lived in Virginia when they died, and 26 in Tennessee. Many of the rest were scattered about the globe when they died; Canada, China, Egypt, England, France, Germany, and Mexico.

The average life expectancy in 1850 was 38. 3, and by 1900 up to 46. 5, but the Confederate generals' average life span was a surprising 61. 94. Keeping in mind that 96 of the original 425 did not survive the war, this appears to be an amazing statistic. Perhaps it helps illustrate how determined this group of men really were.

And several of the 329 generals who survived the dangers of the war still died violent deaths. Major General Thomas Hindman was murdered in his home by an unknown assailant September 28, 1868. Brigadier General Robert Richardson was killed January 5, 1870 when an unknown assassin shot him with buckshot. February 14, 1870 a neighboring planter and his two sons murdered Brigadier General St. John Liddell. Brigadier General William Brantley was slain November 2, 1870 by an unknown person while riding in his buggy. A drunken ex-Federal officer murdered Brigadier General James Clanton September 27, 1871. On August 14, 1880 Major General Bryan Grimes was assasinated from ambush by an unknown killer. Brigadier General William Tucker met his death at the hands of two unknown men on September 14, 1881. Brigadier General William Wirt Adams was killed May 1, 1888 in a street encounter with a newspaper editor. Two committed suicide after the war: Brigadier General Abraham Buford on June 9, 1884 because of financial problems and Brigadier General George Cosby June 29, 1909. Although he did not die a violent death, Brigadier General Thomas Smith spent the last 47 years of his life in a mental asylum, finally dying May 21, 1923 at the age of 85.

So they fade into history, these 425 Confederate generals, a brave and tough breed, men who answered the call of their homeland. Remember them well. For we are not likely to see a generation of better men. ☆

James Spencer is a retired New York policeman with an avid interest in the history of the War.

NAMES FOR THE WAR

Professor Jay S. Hoar's forthcoming book *The South's Last Boys in Gray* (Popular Press at Bowling Green) promises to be the definitive study of Southern men who survived the War. In the course of his research, he came across 120 names given the war by writers as diverse as Melville, Whitman, Churchill, Allan Nevins, William Seward and Edward Channing, among others. Here is an alphabetical listing of some of those names.

America's Greatest Military Conflict
America's Greatest Time of Trial
America's Saddest War
The American Iliad
The American Rebellion
The American Trauma
The American War
The Brothers' War
The Cataclysm of 1861-65
The Cause
The Civil War
The Confederate War
The Crisis
The Crisis of the Union
Dixie's War
The Fight for the Republic
The First Modern War
The Fratricidal War
The Great Cataclysm
The Great Civil War
The Great Conspiracy
The Great Illusion
The Great Insurrection
The Great Rebellion
The Great Schism
The Greatest War in the Western Hemisphere
The Holocaust
The Insurrection
The Internecine War
The Irrepressible Conflict
The Last Civilized War
The Last War Between Gentlemen
The Last War of Chivalry
The Late American War
The Late Ruction
The Late Unpleasantness
The Lost Cause
Mason and Dixon's War
Mr. Davis' War
Mr. Lincoln's War
Mrs. Stowe's War
The Noblest War
Old Times Unpleasantness
The Ordeal of the Union
Our Nation's Greatest Crisis
The Reb People's War
The Rebellion
The Rebel War
A Rich Man's War and a Poor Man's Fight
The Saddest War
The Schism
The Ce-Cesh (or Se-Sessh) War
The Secession War
The Slaveholders' Rebellion
The Slaveholders' War
The Slavery War
The Southern Affliction
The Southern Rebellion
The Southern Revolution
The Southern Schism
The States Rights Rebellion
The States Rights War
The Tragic Conflict
The Tragic War
The Tragic Years
The Uncivil War
Uncle Abe's War
The Union War

How You Gonna Keep 'Em Up In New York After They've Seen *MISSISSIPPI?*

In three excerpts from his soon-to-be published book, Larry D. Cobb writes about how fine it is to be a small farmer and why the federal government is determined to ruin his life.

I could take you to a spot in Oxford, Mississippi, spin you around three times, tell you to open your eyes, and you wouldn't be able to figure out exactly where you were. You might say Miami or Chicago or Los Angeles—at least for about ten seconds. Because you could see a McDonald's, a K-Mart, a shopping center, a paved road jammed with cars, and—about three blocks away—an elevated highway running northward.

After ten seconds, however, you would begin to realize that surrounding this concrete and glass was something quite different and alien, a world of brooding green presences instead of the usual office buildings and condominiums. These green things would be *trees*. There are hundreds of them in and around Oxford, some as high as forty feet and older than the oldest building in most American cities. They provide shelter from the wind in winter and cooling shade in summer, and the electric bills in Oxford are much lower than in larger cities where the trees have disappeared. If you read somewhere that the per capita income of Mississippians is far below that of New Yorkers, then think about the trees.

You might also remember that food costs considerably less in Mississippi than it does in New York City, just as it costs less in upstate New York farming communities which are as unlike Manhattan as Oxford is unlike Memphis. If you climbed into your car at Times Square and began driving, it would probably take you hours to get to the first farm (if your wheels hadn't been stolen before your started). But I can leave the square at the center of Oxford and be on my farm in fifteen minutes, provided, of course, that I don't get stalled behind a mule-drawn wagon out on the paved road.

It's difficult for young people to believe this, but during the years when I was growing up (I'm forty-five now) America as a whole was more like Oxford than it was like New York or Memphis or even Jackson, which is currently the biggest city in Mississippi. Before World War II we were a nation of farming and small-town businessmen. There were no supermarkets, no fast food franchises, no television, no marijuana, no teenage suicide problem, no legalized abortions, no video games, no massage parlors, no computers, no National Organization of Women, no list of missing children, no rock and roll, no O. D. deaths, no jets, no jet lag, no confrontation with the Soviets, and no Ralph Lauren. It was a hard world to grow up in and yet the vast majority of us survived without all of these wonderful gifts from the post-war world.

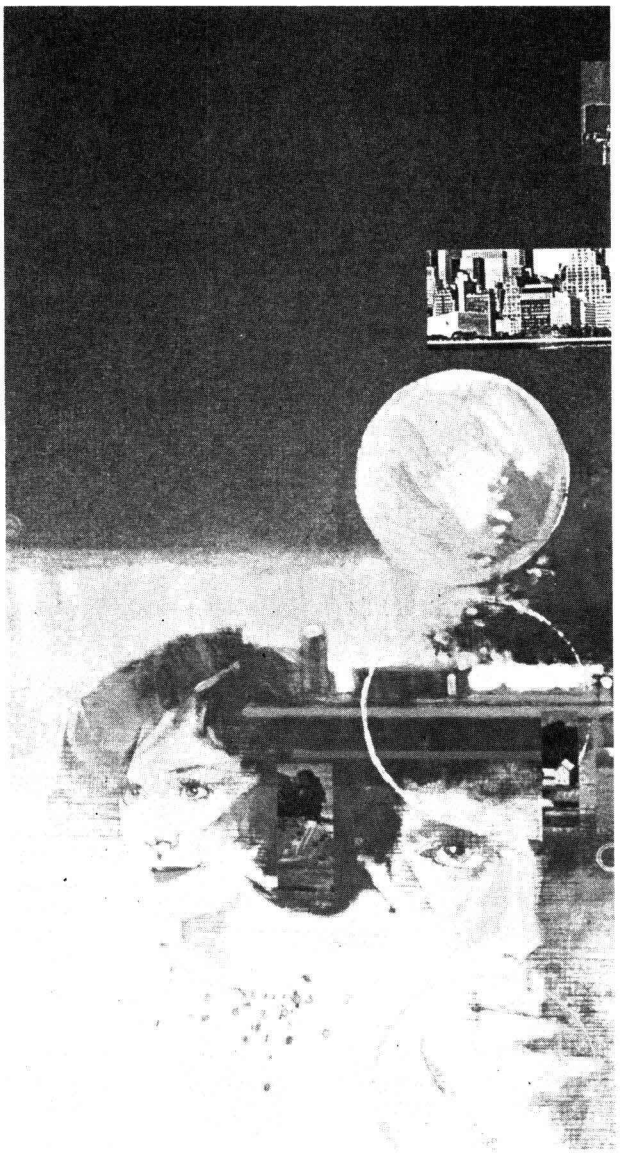
None of us believes we can remake the present in the image of the past, and few of us would want to if we could; but a growing number of Americans, many of them young people, believe that we have the right, even the responsibility to salvage the best elements of an older way of life, before we have ruined the world completely—for ourselves and for our children and grandchildren.

You have heard people say, "You can't fight progress." Nothing is more old-fashioned, more outdated than a belief in steady, irresistible progress. As a matter of fact, the idea of progress is a 19th-century concept that grows out of a misunderstanding of Darwin's Theory of Evolution, or at least a misapplication of it. The notion that species evolved from simpler, "lower" types to more complicated, "higher" types led some wits to say that human society was undergoing a similar evolution, that every new stage, every growth pattern was something "higher" and therefore "better." If you lived in a small town which grew into a big city, then that was good, that was "progress." And if a lot of people who had lived in that place all their lives began to say that things were actually *worse* than in the past, then the people who believed in "progress" said they were "old fogies," that they "buried their heads in the sand," that they had to be "dragged, kicking and screaming, into the twentieth century." We've all heard talk like that, and for years and years most of us believed it.

But times have changed. We've actually "progressed" to the point now when things are so big and so bad throughout much of the country that according to a recent survey most people no longer believe in progress. So is *that* progress?

I say that it is. For the first time in recent memory Americans are ready to do something for themselves and for their country that they have been unwilling to do for three decades now—they are ready to change the way they think about the world, to consider the proposition that "smaller is better," that "simpler is truer," that "to have not" may at times be more prudent than "to have," and that, in some remarkably obvious ways, "the first shall be last and the last shall be first."

... we have the right even the responsibility to salvage the best elements of an older way of life, before we have ruined the world completely...



The small farmer has always been an asset to the nation because of his independence. We have said a great deal about independence in this country since Jefferson first wrote on the subject in 1776, but just about everything we've done over the past 50 years has been designed to

stifle independence, if not to eliminate it altogether. Indeed, if a reasonably intelligent Martian had only the action of our government to judge us by, he would have to conclude that we were a people, singlemindedly and passionately devoted to the principles of helplessness and servitude, because these are the qualities our government has chiefly promoted in its people.

Let me tell you what I mean by independence and why so few Americans in our time really enjoy it.

Today, as always there were a number of chores that had to be done on the farm, and since I can't afford hired help, I had to take care of everything myself. First, of course, the cattle had to be fed—not all of them, but some of them—the two-year-old bulls which are about to be sold and which need to be built up to their fullest potential so that buyers will realize what fine animals they are.

Then there were several heifers with problems. One had aborted just yesterday. Two more had uterine infections and needed antibiotics. Another was ready to be artificially inseminated. Anybody who didn't know cattle breeding would have said that these tasks could be accomplished in an hour or so, two hours at the most: you dump the feed in the troughs and yell for the bulls, then run the heifers into a corral, give shots to the ones who need them, check out the one who aborted, and inseminate the one who needs breading. But of course raising cattle is never that simple.

In the first place, the bulls were in a lower pasture grazing, and after I had poured the 250 pounds of feed-mix into pails and then dumped it into the trough I had to persuade the bulls to leave the grass and stroll up the hill to the feeder, something they are perfectly willing to do, but in their own sweet time. You can train bulls to come when you call, but you can't train them to do it according to a stop watch. So it took me five minutes to fill the trough and twenty-five minutes to coax eight bulls to come eat.

But that was the easiest part of what I had to do. All the heifers were together in one pasture, and I had to cut five of them away from the rest, put them in a catch pen, then move them one at a time down a run and into a chute, where I could close the gate behind them and take care of their individual problems without having to worry about them bolting or knocking me flat on my rear end.

The first of these steps was the most difficult and took the longest. You just don't order five cows to step out of rank like soldiers. You open the gate, study the situation, try to develop an initial strategy, and then make your own moves in anticipation of what you think each cow will do. (If you can't think like a cow you might as well sell out and go to work in a Ford plant.)

Well, it took me the better part of an hour and a half to get my five heifers in the catch pen, and I was reasonably pleased with my efficiency. The rest of the work took another hour, and when I'd finished I decided to let one part of my herd into a lower pasture where the grass was higher, so I spent another thirty minutes opening the gate, calling them, and making certain that the first two or three had made the move. I knew the rest would follow, if only because of that curious optimism in cows that makes them believe, as the old cliche says, that the grass is always greener in the next pasture.

If all this sounds time-consuming and tedious, let me explain a couple of things about those of us who are small farmers. First, none of this time with the animals is tedious. I enjoy it. It give me a kind of satisfaction that I can only explain in terms of an artisan who feels a sense of fulfillment in practicing his craft. A good carpenter enjoys working with wood—sawing, planing, sanding—activities that a home repairman fixing a broken door might be impatient to finish.

Besides, I didn't do all of these things by a time clock. I didn't even do them all at once. As a matter of fact, it took me three trips to the pasture to finish what I'd set ot to do, and I went when it suited me to do so. I made the tasks fit my own schedule, rather than vice versa; and no one else had a thing to say about it.

When I was a pilot for Braniff I didn't have to fly everyday, but when I was scheduled, I had to be there whether I wanted to or not. And somebody else made out my schedule—parceled out the minutes, hours, days of my life according to the needs of the corporation. *My* needs were secondary, if in fact they were considered at all.

I didn't fully understand this while I was flying, but when I fulfilled my lifelong dream to become a farmer I realized for the first time what independence really was, and I found that I like it. As a matter of fact, when Braniff was reorganized under Chapter Eleven and I was called back to active flying duty, I realized just how much I missed my independence, and after a brief stint, I gave it all up and came back to the cattle, not because I *had* to but because I *chose* to. Again, it was a matter of freedom, a deliberate act of the will.

Most people will never understand that sense of independence, the sort of feeling that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson must have known when they first realized that King George was meddling in their lives, if not in the budgeting of their time, at least in the budgeting of their hard-earned money.

Washington and Jefferson were farmers. So were most of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and drafted the Constitution. In fact, words like "freedom" and "equality" don't really mean much in an industrialized urban society, where a managerial hierarchy is inevitable.

But in the agrarian world of Eighteenth-century America you really could be both equal and free. Where there was land enough and will enough, a man and his family could move over the next ridge, build a cabin and create a farm out of a chaotic wilderness. In a year they would

be self-sufficient. In five years, if they survived the winters and the Indians, they could be enjoying a little prosperity. In ten years, with prodigious work and an abundance of God's grace, they might even be wearing powdered wigs and sitting in the House of Burgesses.

One thing, however, was certain: whether rich, not-so-rich, or just getting by, they were on their own—their wills and imaginations free from the money-manipulators and the bureaucrats—those people who have always been (and still are) the sources of a weak and dependent people.

One of the reasons why adults keep telling toddlers fairy tales and repeating nursery rhymes is because these stories and poems often contain lessons that children have to learn before they can be considered adults. For example, the tale of Goldilocks tells kids not to go wandering into the woods by themselves and more specifically, not to go into somebody else's house. "Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son" is a sharp warning against stealing. So is "Taffy Was A Welshman." And then there's "Simple Simon."

The more you think about this tale of the village idiot, the more you realize it is one of the shrewdest economic lessons in the language, and it was probably recited for at least a hundred years before Milton Friedman was ever born. As the story begins we are told that somebody named Simon is soft in the head (simple), but we don't know exactly why or how he has come to be regarded in this way. Then we see it all. Simon goes to the fair—to the marketplace—where people gather to exchange goods and services. There he sees something he wants desparately—one of the indisputable goodies of life—a pie. So he asks the pieman for a slice. Now the pieman may or may not know this character already, but he's been to the fair before, and he's probably been taken once or twice. So he responds the way any experienced business or tradesman would: "Show me first your penny," he says. "Let's see the color of your money."

And here we come to the crucial moment in any transaction, when the buyer reaches for his wallet and the seller starts to wrap up the merchandise. However, Simon (poor fellow) doesn't know the economic facts of life. He has expected to get a slice of the pie without paying for it, and he is about to find out that there's no free lunch.

It is very significant that the poem ends with Simon's statement: "Indeed, I have not any." At that point you can bet that children in an earlier, better age burstinto laughter and said things like: "What a dope! "Or, "How stupid can you get? "Or, "What kind of a world does he think he lives in? "No need to have the pieman explain this truth to Simon. The story has come to its logical conclusion. The joke is on Simon. Why belabor the obvious?

Yet for some reason the obvious is no longer as obvious as it used to be—not in a time when governments throughout the world have entered in to experimental programs designed to repeal the laws of supply and demand or at least to pretend that they are subject to endless tinkering and modification. Indeed there's no reason to believe that today's children would laugh at all when they heard the tale of Simple Simon. Perhaps "Simple Simon" might well be re-written for our time with several alternate endings: instead of a penny, Simple Simon whips out food stamps, which the pieman is required by law to accept. Or Simon doesn't have to go to the fair at all. He simply trots down to the government food distribution center, where a bureaucrat is handing out slivers of pie along with the cheese to go on top. Or maybe the pieman doesn't have any pies to sell, because the government has been paying him not to make pies, or has been buying all the pies he makes over a certain number and storing them in huge government pantries where they are eaten up by blind mice. All of these endings are possible in the unnatural world of a controlled economy.

In the 1980's, "Simple Simon" is no longer wandering around the fairgrounds, hoping to get something for nothing. *He's now managing the fair. And that's why the American farmer is in such a mess.* ☆

Larry Cobb, a highly decorated Vietnam Veteran, is a former airline pilot turned cattle breeder from Oxford, Mississippi.

THE SOUTHERN GOLD RUSH

By David R. Gillespie

Can you smell it yet? Here, come over to this side of the barn. There, that's better. Now wait for a little breeze. Hey, look over there—doves. Won't be long before the season. Ah, here comes a breeze. Smell it? No smell like it in the world, son. That's gold, honest to goodness gold!

Gold? Can you smell gold? Bet your wedding band you can. But you won't find this gold panning in a stream or tucked away in a dental cavity. You won't find it in the hills of California, either. Put this gold in a fire and it'll just disappear into thin air. It's the gold a good portion of America was built on, and it provided the South with a bonafide gold rush. The gold is tobacco.

When Christopher Columbus first arrived in the West Indies, the natives had long been using *tobacum*. The word represented both the weed and the tube used by the Indians for inhaling the smoke produced by burning the dried leaves. It was good for what ailed them, they thought. Because of this belief in the medicinal benefits derived from smoking, the Europeans began importing the plant back to their homelands.

In 1560, Jean Nicot (who was later to be immortalized by the derivative term *nicotine*) was serving as the French Ambassador to Portugal. In a letter to Cardinal de Lorraine, he spoke of his new found herb. He wrote: "I have acquired an Indian herb of marvellous and proven worth against the fistulas, given up as incurable by physicians. As soon as it gives seeds, I will send some of them to your gardener at Marmoustier in a barrel with instruction for replanting and cultivating it."

By 1600, all of Spain, Portugal and France had gone tobacco crazy. But the real rush was yet to come. And that brings us to the contribution of John Rolfe. Every child who has studied colonial history (or at least it used to be that way) knew John Rolfe as the man who married Pocahontas. But Rolfe's contribution to colonial history went far beyond his choice of a spouse. He started it all—*the Southern gold rush*. The London Virginia Company was looking for gold. Little did they know that the gold leaf was to prove far more valuable than the heavy metal.

After his arrival in Jamestown (May 1610) Rolfe was introduced to *Nicotiana Rustica*, a strain of tobacco similar to the *N. Tabacum* of the West Indies, but more bitter and harsh in taste. It too was being grown by the natives, but was regarded by the settlers as just another bothersome weed. With Pocahontas by his side, Rolfe watched and learned from the Indians. In 1611, he arranged for some seed of the milder and sweeter West Indies variety to be brought to Virginia from Trinidad. In 1613, he shipped out the first finished crop to England. The inhabitants of the Mother Country quickly became enthralled.

To be sure, they were no strangers to tobacco. Sir Walter Raleigh, hated and persecuted by the gay (read: homosexual) King James I, had already introduced the "Vile and Stinking custom" to the British. But the tobacco was coming via the Portugese and Spanish. Here

at last was a "home grown" variety. In 1616, James (foreshadowing the U. S. Surgeon General's Office) issued his "A Counterblaste to Tobacco." In it, he castigated Raleigh and others for introducing the custom "springing from so vile a ground as godless Indians." Governments always have had a tendency to protect the public from "evil" whether or not the public concedes the need to be protected. But more about that later.

By 1623, over half a million pounds of tobacco were being shipped from the colonies to England, at eight shillings per pound. Again, in an act of despotic reversal, James traded his concerns for public health and morals for those of greed. With his eyes now focused on the Treasury rather than the Cathedral, James moved to tax the tobacco trade. He even sent white convicts from England to help in the ever-growing labor demand for the new trade. The rush was on.

Six years later, the total tobacco shipments to England exceeded 1. 5 million pounds. In 1710, a whopping 23. 3 million pounds crossed the Atlantic.

Tobacco quickly became the foundation upon which the new nation was being built. As Francis Springer has noted, "The insatiable demand for that new herb wrote the script, cast the characters and set the stage for a drama of which the last act has yet to be performed."

The golden leaves became, for all practical purposes, currency. Goods were bought with and sold for tobacco. Wages were paid in it. Even an occasional woman was bought for so many pounds of the weed. There is even a reported case in which a local clergyman brought suit against the governing body of his church for paying him with coin of the realm, rather than his preferred method of compensation, tobacco leaf.

For whatever reason, the explorers of Florida and the West Indies never did capitalize on the weed to the extent of the British. Perhaps it was because you could not make jewelry out of it, who knows. But capitalize the British did. By the 1770's, tobacco had come to represent 90% of Virginia and Maryland exports.

This total dependence on tobacco as the "staff of life" for the Middle Colonies created the need for more and more labor. The heart of the problem was the great distance and time involved in moving indentured servants to the New World. The problem was also aggrevated by the crown's awarding a head right of fifty acres to indentured servants upon completion of their period of servitude. The end result was that those brave Englishmen who survived the disease, sometimes hostile Indians and the heat of the Virginia tobacco fields (few did) were planting their own tobacco on their own farms after five or seven years, themselves creating the need for more labor. Soon the labor problem became critical.

Eventually,the problem was to be solved by the importation of black workers from Africa. Francis Springer has pointed out an interesting moment in the development of slave labor in Virginia.

In 1653, an indentured black by the name of John Casor publicly complained that the man to whom he had originally been indentured, one Anthony Johnson, was keeping him in service longer than he had contracted for. Johnson immediately released Casor, who promptly bound himself *for life* to a planter named Parker. Johnson, feeling that he had been mislead by Casor, sued Parker for the return of Casor and won. Casor was then returned to Johnson to serve for life. The interesting thing about the case is that Johnson himself was a free black tobacco planter and former indentured servant. So the first man to own a black for life in colonial America was another black. That relationship, however, would not prove to be the rule.

During the next century, tobacco's role as the *sine qua non* of Southern economic life was challenged by cotton. By 1830, Southern gold temporarily lost its luster and cotton became king, totally dominating (along with rice) the national export trade. While hurting the Virginians to a certain extent, this shift gave states like South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi great impetus in population and economic growth. Tobacco was still around, however, merely in temporary eclipse. The rule of rice and cotton was comparatively short-lived. Soon tobacco would regain its role of the gold of the South.

One curious breakthrough that helped restore tobacco as an export crop happened completely by chance. Until the late 1830's, tobacco was grown and cured pretty much as it had been for undreds of years. At first, it was simply piled in the fields, much like hay, and allowed to sun cure. The planters began using wood fires in barns to aid the curing process. This method, however, gave the tobacco an unpleasingly dark color and "woody" taste.

One night, in Caswell County, North Carolina a young slave of the Slade brothers was tending the curing fire. His name was Stephen. The year was 1839. Soon young Stephen fell fast asleep and the fire went out. Upon waking, the terrified Stephen ran to the smithy pit and grabbed up some charcoal and returned it to the tobacco. The heat from the charcoal turned the leaves a bright yellow, producing a "golder" leaf without the previous taste. The tobacco sold for four times the normal price at auction, which not only pleased the Slade brothers, but gave young Stephen cause for a sigh of relief.

The new, albeit accidental, method caught on quickly. In 1860, the flue was introduced as a method of carrying heat into the curing barns and flue-cured tobacco was born. Today, oil has replaced charcoal, but the inventive Stephen revitalized the industry with his inattention.

The name that was to be associated with tobacco, however, was not that of the slave Stephen, or even his masters the Slades. The biggest name in tobacco was Duke. James Buchanan "Buck" Duke. In 1884, the introduction of the first *practical* cigarette-making equipment in the Duke factory in Durham, North Carolina,

completed the rebirth of the tobacco industry. Cigarettes rose quickly to become the mainstay tobacco product.

Duke built his cigarette/tobacco empire with the speed and cunning of a Roman emperor. By 1900, he ruled a Southern tobacco empire with 125 million dollars in sales and a work force of 100,000 people. His success was achieved by one basic method. Operating out of his New York office, Duke would visit tobacco company after tobacco company, both here and abroad, announcing his arrival. "Hi. I'm Buck Duke from New York and I'm here to buy your company." After six years, Duke was at the helm of the American Tobacco Company, controlling over 80% of the world-wide tobacco market.

The death knell rang for the Duke empire on May 29, 1911. Following anti-trust trends of Teddy Roosevelt's administration, Chief Justice White ordered the dissolution of American Tobacco.

Still another intrusion (justified or not) of government into tobacco occurred in the 1940's, when the federal government introduced price support programs. During World War II, President Roosevelt even classified tobacco as an essential product, thereby exempting many tobacco farmers from military service.

But over the past twenty years we have all witnessed a reversal, a return to the nasty spirit of James I. In the eyes of government, once again tobacco is the "evil" weed and the keepers of national power regard smoking as an vile and disgusting habit. Therein lies another tale.

Before John Kennedy and the FTC could risk taking on the Southern tobacco empire, they needed authoritative research with which they could rally popular support. They got it in 1964 in the form of a 14-month study document called "Smoking and Health," issued by the Surgeon General. The rest, as they say, is history. The FTC began introducing regulations concerning labels on cigarette packs and the advertising of cigarettes. Eventually, in 1972, all cigarette advertising was banned—in the public interest, of course. Cigarettes had been the initial target of this campaign, however cigars and other tobacco products eventually came under fire (JFK was a closet smoker of good cigars and the FTC knew it isn't smart to embarrass the President).

But Southerners are resourceful, and the advertising community knew who buttered its bread. After all, the golden bricks of Madison Avenue were made of tobacco leaves (remember the Marlboro Man?). So the $220 million plus that was being spent on radio and television was rechanneled to magazines, billboards and other media.

The impact of tobacco, Southern gold, on the development of the country and the South in particular, can never be overestimated. But the most important contribution is more than economic. Tobacco represents a way of life in the South—a way of life that has survived through the War for General Independence in 1776, the War for Southern Independence in the 1860's, all the rules, regulations and attacks of government and the technological advances of modern man. Oh, there have been a few changes. But the essential life style is still there and very much a part of the Souther character even today.

To a Yankee tourist riding down I-95, the strange looking plants standing like so many soldiers in a field may look like some form of lettuce or turnip greens. One tobacco farmer reports that a fellow from New Jersey even stopped his car one day, approached the farmer as he relaxed beside the barn and asked: "What kind of lettuce is this? "After relieving his mouth of a wad of Red Man, the farmer replied with a wink, "It's the smokin' kind, friend."

Out in the fields, the old barns can still be seen, occasionally with "Trust in Jesus" painted on the sides, a quaint and rustic vision to thousands of passersby. But to people like the Mouzons of Williamsburg County, South Carolina and the Andersons and Striblings of Virginia, tobacco represents a tradition that still accounts for the bulk of their agricultural dollars. One farmer is reported to have said that if tobacco were taken away from him worry alone would probably give him cancer. It's a tradition cherished by the 100-year-old Annie, a black woman who lives on the back side of a farm in Starkville, Mississippi and still "rolls her own."

To be sure, modernization has made some inroads. Bulk barning has amost replaced the old way. But there are still places where you can find young men walking stooped over in a field tearing (cropping) the big leaves off the bottom of the plants and putting them on a tractor of mule drawn sled. Look hard enough and you'll still find the old wooden barns surrounded by women and children—the children handing leaves to the women who tie the crop onto the long sticks, which in turn are hung in the barns by other young men who can take the heat.

Down in Williamsburg County, around lunch time, the croppers will head for Black River for a little cool skinny-dipping, while the women prepare "dinner," which everybody knows means the mid-day meal. And then soon, everyone's back to work till dark. Later, in the cool of the evening, the adults will be sitting on the porch. Far off in the tall pines, doves will be cooing, interrupted by the occasional hooting of an owl deep in the swamp. The "night sounds" will be mixed with the talk on the porch (yes, people still do talk to each other rather than watch TV) and the sweet odor of a pipe or cigar. And the conversation will probably keep returning to the crop. Off behind the house, maybe in the pack house, a couple of kids will be trying to roll their own cigar out of a leaf or smoking some hidden cigarettes, knowing full well if they're caught, Dad will beat the "ever living aspirations" out of them.

Later in the year, you can visit one of the 900 warehouses in the South where tobacco is sold in the same manner it was 200 years ago, by auction. There you will find row upon row of big heaps of cured leaves wrapped

in burlap. Walking up and down the rows will be farmers, buyers and one man constantly talking, the auctioneer. Computers will never replace the call, "Sold to American! "As one farmer put it, "Someone's got to smell it to buy it." Smell gold? You got that right!

Things will go on pretty much as they have. One type of bureaucrat, the abolitionist, fretting over the latest statistics on lung cancer and heart disease, will still wage holy war against the noxious weed and pump millions into public education campaigns urging us all to give it up. And another type of bureaucrat, the price-support people, will struggle in mysterious ways to keep the market alive.

And with the better people as well, things haven't changed much from 1616 to 1985. Planters in the hills of Kentucky, the swamps of Louisiana, the lowcountry of the Carolinas and the flat land of Florida know that tobacco is their gold and always will be.

Epilogue. . .

A personal reflection: I remember sitting on the steps of my home as a youngster smoking a cigarette one day. My parents were gone. Seeing their car coming down the hill toward the drive, I quicly extinguished my secret cigarette in the ivy beside the steps. A spider bit me on the hand, causing me no small amount of pain and discomfort. My youthful theology told me God was punishing me for smoking. Later in life, I was fortunate enough to spend three years living in the heart of tobacco country, dwelling among people who know the truth those tall plants stand for, a truth and tradition as old as America itself, and as Southern as grits or Magnolia blossoms. That didn't make me start smoking again. Graduate school did that. But it did give me an unforgettable appreciation for an important aspect of Southern culture—gold. Southern gold.

So, I decided that God was probably neutral on smoking. But I think He loves those tobacco farmers. And that spider He sent to bite me in the ivy patch was not a statement on smoking. Just disobedience. And there's nothing Southern about that. ☆

David Gillespie is a member of the editorial staff of *Southern Partisan.*

James H. Thornwell had a distinguished career as a leader in Southern education, religion and politics in the 1850's and early 1860's.

Again I Say Smoke . . .

Columbia, South Carolina
September 24, 1861

Dearly Beloved Sister Adger:

My sympathies have been greatly moved by the piteous accounts I have received of your keen and manifold sufferings, in that most important of all organs to a woman, 'the human face divine. 'I know how to feel for the sufferer as the wife of a friend who has no rival in my heart. My own experience has led me to recognize the fact, that one effect of our afflictions is to disarm us of capricious and idle prejudices, and to reconcile us to what we once abhorred. In my own case, this principle has been most signally illustrated. At one time in my life, sheep, blackberries and tea were utter abominations; and I marvelled how any human being could reconcile himself to the use of such monstrous articles of diet. But I was brought low. I had either to starve, or to feed on sheep with the voracity of an ancient patriarch or Jew; and I finally came to believe that even a Christian man might make danties of the fruit of briers, the offsrping of the fold, and the leaf from China. My prejudices are all gone; and I sit down to these abominations with as much composure as I would encounter ham, plum pudding, or roast beef. After giving up my prejudices, I began to mend.

Now, it has occurred to me, that there is a proud place in your heart, which requires to be humbled. You have some unaccountable prejudices, from which it behooves you to be delivered; and my interest in your carnal comfort prompts me to deal very freely with you on this most delicate subject. I have no doubt that if you would open your mind to liberal views of that most delectable of all weeds, the tobacco plant, your sufferings might be greatly relieved, and greatly modified. Just reflect upon it as a balm which nature has kindly provided for aching teeth and agonizing jaws. Let me advise you, as you prize your comfort, to provide yourself with a clean pipe and a short stem, and set to work on the goodly process of inhaling the exquisite fragrance. . . Only try it. I never have a tooth-ache, jaw ache, or any other face ache. The reason, perhaps, is that I have had no absurd prejudices against 'kind natures sweet restorer,' a genuine article of tobacco. . . .

My dear suffering sister, smoke, *smoke*, and again I say, smoke! It will do you good. Once begin, and you will need no arguments to persevere. The odour of a good conversation and the odour of tobacco sweetly harmonize and form an exquisite incense. . . .

Be sure to smoke, and let us hear no more of neuralgia.

As ever,

J. H. Thornwell

This article concludes our two-part series on The Cooperheads

THE COPPERHEADS A BADGE OF LIBERTY PART II

NOTE ON PART I: *In the Spring issue, the origin and development of the "Copperhead" movement was described. The Copperheads were Northerners less than fully committed to the increasingly Radical war aims of the Union government and decidedly unenthusiastic about waging fratricidal war against their erstwhile countrymen, the Confederates. They originally took their nickname from the copper "head of Liberty" which many of them cut from the old-style "large cents" and wore in their lapels as a badge.*

The Copperheads first appeared and in greatest numbers in the Ohio Valley states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. But Copperhead sentiment spread throughout the North in 1862 and 1863 as the dismal news of defeat after defeat came from the front and as the Federal government adopted alarmingly despotic tactics at home. Outright suppression of newspapers, summary arrest and trial of civilians by military authorities, and suspension of the writ of habeas corpus were among the outrages experienced by the civilian population of the North during the war years. The most forceful voice raised against this encroaching tyranny was that of Representative Clement Laird Vallandigham of Ohio. His Radical enemies thought they had rid themselves of this caustic critic when they engineered Vallandigham's defeat in the 1862 Congressional elections by gerrymandering his district. They were wrong.

In the lame duck session of Congress following his defeat, Vallandigham continued taunting his Radical foes. "The war for the Union is, in your hands," he accused them, "a most bloody and costly failure." He predicted that Ohio and the Middle West would answer no more draft calls from Washington, and asked, "Ought this war to continue?" He went on to his conclusion: "I answer, no; not a day, not an hour. What then? Shall we separate? Again I answer, no, no, no! What then? .... Stop fighting. Make an armistice."

After the expiration of his Congressional term, Vallandigham returned to Ohio to continue his efforts for peace, and to face a maladroit but forceful opponent in General Ambrose E. Burnside. The bloody Union debacle at Fredericksburg had been the chief feature of Burnside's tenure in command of the Army of the Potomac. His tendered resignation was declined, but he was reassigned to Cincinnati as commander of the military district embracing Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Upon arrival in the Ohio Valley, Burnside was infuriated to learn of the widespread and publicly expressed Copperhead sentiment in the region. He promptly issued an edict known as Order No. 38, which warned that "the habit of declaring sympathy with the enemy will not be allowed in this department. It must be distinctly understood that treason, express or implied, will not be tolerated." Vallandigham was the obvious object of Burnside's edict.

Ohio was to elect a governor in 1863, and Vallandigham embarked on a campaign to win the Democratic nomination for that office. On the eve of the battle of Chancellorsville, May 1, 1863, he made a major address to a well-attended rally in Mount Vernon, Ohio. A parade, featuring a lumbering float, preceded the speech. The float carried thirty-four young girls, each symbolizing a state in the pre-1860 Union, and showing Vallandigham's fervent conviction that the Union could be restored in peace and brotherhood. Among the crowd were two Army officers, out of uniform and delegated by Burnside to listen for "treasonous utterances." Apparently, Vallandigham's reference to the President as "King Lincoln" and his characterization of the war as "wicked, cruel, and unnecessary," were enough for Burnside.

At half past two o'clock on the morning of May 5, 1863, Vallandigham was awakened at his home in Dayton by a full company of infantry which Burnside had dispatched from Cincinnati to arrest the "traitor." Denied admission to the house, the soldiers broke down the door, seized Vallandigham, and carried their prisoner back to Cincinnati, where he was presented for trial on a charge of sedition before a pannel of eight Army officers the next day. Vallandigham declined to plead, denying that a military commission had any jurisdiction over him. The summary proceedings were over quickly. With the accused denied access to the civil courts, denied the right to counsel, and denied the opportunity to present any evidence or witnesses on his behalf, a guilty verdict by Burnside's eight subordinates was a foregone conclusion. In his closing statement to the "court," Vallandigham was unrepentant. He said: "It is pretended that I counseled disobedience to the Constitution ... or resistance to law or lawful authority. I never have. I have nothing further to submit."

Only after Vallandigham's arrest, trial, conviction, and sentencing—to confinement at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor for the duration of the war—did Lincoln learn of the affair. Coming on the heels of Hooker's disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville, Burnside's folly had created even more of a furor in the North. Daring not to arouse the Radicals by pardoning Vallandigham, Lincoln rebuked Burnside only mildly. (However, in early June, when the zealous Burnside sent troops to occupy the offices of the Chicago *Times* and prevent its publication, sparking a protest demonstration by 20,000, Lincoln overruled the general and rescinded his order.) But he also feared to provoke the Northwest by allowing the sentence to be imposed. Instead, he sought to quiet the protests and be rid of Vallandigham at the same time by commuting the sentence to banishment to the Confederacy. Accordingly, Vallandigham was conducted to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where, on May 25, he was handed over to the keeping of Confederate General Braxton Bragg.

Meanwhile, Vallandigham's application for a writ of habeas corpus, testing the validity of Lincoln's suspension, was wending its way through the Federal courts. In 1864, the case reached the Supreme Court, which declined to assert jurisdiction over the actions of a military tribunal. Two years later, however, the Supreme Court reversed itself in the case of Milligan, an Indiana Copperhead who had been convicted in a manner similar to Vallandigham. Then, with the war safely over, the Supreme Court invalidated the proceedings of such military commissions. Vallandigham felt he had been vindicated.

As an exile in the South, Vallandigham was restless, dissatisfied, and eager to return to Ohio. His unwilling Confederate hosts perceived that he had no enthusiasm for the new Confederacy, but rather for the old Union. His advice that a Confederate invasion of the North would unite Northern public opinion and weaken the Copperhead movement went unheeded. Vallandigham had no sooner arrived than he began making arrangements to leave. An aide to President Davis escorted him to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he boarded a blockade runner for Nova Scotia by way of Bermuda. By July 5, 1863, he had reached Niagara Falls, Ontario, on the American border. From there, he continued to fulminate against military suppression of liberties and to conduct his gubernatorial campaign

by correspondence with his supporters.

But in the few weeks of Vallandigham's absence, the military and political situation had altered dramatically. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania had been checked at Gettysburg. Vicksburg had fallen to Grant after a bitter siege. And, in Vallandigham's home state of Ohio, incredulous citizens had taken a close-up look at real, live Confederates when General John Hunt Morgan's Kentucky cavalry raided the entire breadth of the state in late July. Sobered by actual fighting at home, and heartened by distant victories, Ohioans cooled to the Copperhead cause. Vallandigham had won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination while in exile, but he was unable to return from Canada to campaign personally because of Lincoln's banishment order. In the balloting, he polled a respectable total, but lost by a three-to-two margin, in an election rife with corruption.

By mid-1863, the Confederate government had begun to take a more active interest in the Copperhead movement. The famous Confederate General John Hunt Morgan, "Prince of the Raiders," and his fellow Kentuckian, Captain Thomas Henry Hines, were to be closely linked to the Copperheads. Hines, particularly, became the mastermind of "the great Northwest Conspiracy," as it later was known. But in 1863, Hines served principally as a liaison between Morgan, the Richmond government, and the Copperhead leaders.

Prior to Morgan's famous "Ohio raid" of June and July, 1863, the fires of the Copperheads were beginning to crackle along the borders of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Federal warehouses mysteriously burned to the ground. Sentries were found with their throats slit. Men exchanged and acknowledged secret signs and symbols on the street. There was talk of peace, whispers that only the Radicals and industrialists wanted the war. Pictures of Jefferson Davis and Morgan began to appear in many Ohio homes. In Washington, a Republican senator electrified the Senate chamber when he rose to accuse the Democratic party of harboring an organization throughout the North whose objectives were to demoralize the army and encourage desertion.

On June 10, 1863, General Morgan announced to his Kentucky cavalry that they were going to raid through Indiana and Ohio. Mysteriously, seven days earlier, Captain Hines had disappeared to "prepare the way" by contacting leaders of the Copperheads. Meeting with figures such as Chief Justice Bullitt of the Kentucky Court of Appeals—also Grand Commander of the Knights of the Golden Circle—and Doctor William Bowles, leader of the Indiana Copperheads, Hines obtained valuable information and supplies for Morgan's raiders. But, though they cooperated, the Copperheads did not rise up as expected in Morgan's wake. Perhaps the shock of seeing the war brought to their doorsteps cooled the ardor of some. Or, perhaps the Copperheads in Indiana and Ohio were each waiting for the other group to make the first move. For whatever reason, as Morgan drove deeper into enemy territory, his small force was worn steadily away, and he removed himself ever farther from sources of help. Behind Morgan, massive blue forces were forming. By July 26, Morgan and his remaining men could go no farther. The military help they had expected from the Copperheads had not materialized, and they were forced to surrender at the small village of East Liverpool, Ohio, near the Pennsylvania border.

(However, the Copperheads had not been entirely idle. At about the same time as Morgan's surrender, Chief Justice Bullitt was meeting with the leaders of the Knights of the Golden Circle in Chicago. He had received word of the capture of a two million dollar Federal payroll at Red River, Arkansas, which would have been used to finance the uprising, had Morgan not already surrendered.)

Morgan's troopers were shipped off to endure the hardship of prison life at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, while the general himself and his officers were incarcerated as criminals at the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus. But, on November 20, 1863, Morgan and five of his captains, including Hines, miraculously escaped. Joined by a band of other escaped Confederate prisoners, they made their way back to Confederate lines. The circumstances of the escape of Morgan and his officers suggest the strong possibility of outside help from the Ohio Copperheads, who had brought the state to a virtual white-heat of insurrection.

During the great escape, one special encounter gives testimony to General Morgan's composure under stress: Morgan and his captains, having made their escape from the Ohio Penitentiary, proceeded to the railroad depot, where they bought tickets on the night express to Cincinnati. Just as the train started, a Federal colonel came in, stared around the car, and then took a seat next to Morgan. The Confederate general nodded good evening. The colonel took off his coat, settled himself down, and brought out a bottle of peach brandy. He offered the flask to Morgan. "Will you join me, sir?" he asked. "Certainly, sir," Morgan replied, and tossed off a drink.

Just then the train passed the penitentiary. "This is the hotel where Morgan stops, I believe," the Federal said with a laugh. "And will stop, I hope," Morgan replied. "He has given us his fair share of trouble and will not now be released." He raised the flask. "I drink to him. May he ever be as closely kept as he is now."

"I'll drink to that," said the Federal colonel. And he did.

The Union victories of July, 1863, buoyed Northern hopes and relieved some of the immediate political pressure on the Lincoln administration, but they did

not quell the Northern peace movement. Discontent by then focused on the conscription laws, which allowed avoidance of military service by a payment of $300. In the first flush of patriotism in 1861, Northerners sang, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." By 1863, the cynical parody went, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred dollars more." Resentment of conscription spilled over in July, 1863, in a series of draft riots.

Sporadic resistance to the draft continued into 1864. The spectacular New York City riots saw a mob take virtual control of the city for several days, resulting in millions of dollars of damages and hundreds of casualties. Order was not restored until the arrival of several brigades of troops detached from the Army of the Potomac. Governor Horatio Seymour and Mayor Fernando Wood blamed the administration for the popular outburst and continued their calls for peace.

Feeling stifled in their liberties by a military dictatorship, by the fall of 1863 Copperheads in the Middle West had turned their activities in the direction of a clandestine conspiracy. A framework for an underground group already existed in "The Knights of the Golden Circle," a fraternal order formed in the late 1850's to promote American interests and influence in Central America and the Caribbean. The Knights had enjoyed pre-war strength in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; now, they were joined by disgruntled anti-war Democrats. In 1863, they absorbed another group called "The Order of American Knights," and the next year the combined organization changed its name to "The Sons of Liberty." The Knights sought to obstruct the draft, aid deserters, interfere with military shipments, and intimidate outspoken administration backers.

By late 1863 and early 1864, such Copperhead activities on the edge of, and outside of, the law, had brought conditions resembling guerrilla warfare to southern Indiana and Illinois. Thousands of Federal troops patrolled this ostensibly "loyal" region, guarding depots, bridges, and other strategic points. Gangs of Union army deserters, seeking criminal gains rather than political principles, roamed over the area, adding to the general confusion and lawlessness. As in 1861, southern Illinois again saw public mass demonstrations of support for the Confederacy. Elected officials sometimes led the Copperheads in quasi-military operations. Jails were attacked to free deserters and political prisoners. There were pitched battles between armed Copperheads and Federal soldiers.

Moreover, the passionate struggle by the Copperheads to aid the effort to the South was not restricted to the land war. One interesting scheme, which almost succeeded, involved an attempt to capture the USS *Michigan*, the only gunboat on the Great Lakes. The plan was to raze the lake cities and storm the Johnson Island Prison. Cooperating with Copperhead activists, the effort was led by John Yates Beall—a young daredevil who had in 1863 led a squadron of ships in devastating Union shipping on the Chesapeake Bay. Also involved was the dashing Lt. Bennett Young who was later to lead the highly successful raid on St. Alban's Vermont. The attempt to capture the *Michigan* was foiled by a Union spy who gained the confidence of Chief Confederate Commissioner Thompson in Canada. Beall took over the steamer *Philo Parsons* out of Detroit with a force of 28 seamen and then captured the Union transport the *Queen* which he sunk. Meanwhile, an undercover Confederate agent had penetrated the USS *Michigan* and attempted to drug the crew. He was arrested, due to an urgent message from the Union spy who had befriended Thompson.

Following the attempt on *Michigan*, the "Lake Erie Plan" had also called for 8,000 Confederate prisoners to storm the walls of Johnson's Island while the men of the Copperhead organization known as "The Order of the Star" would attack it from outside. By dawn, the Copperheads and the Confederate Naval force would be burning the lakeshore cities.

The "Lake Erie Plan" had not been a total failure, however, for the engineer bribed to wreck the engine room on the *Michigan* had done hiw work well and two enemy vessels had been captured and destroyed. There was a similar (and similarly unsuccessful) plan for a general Copperhead uprising in Chicago coincident with the Democratic Convention of 1864, which called for the freeing of thousands of Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas and Rock Island.

Notable incidents after the 1864 election included a partially successful plan to burn a number of federal transports in St. Louis, the successful bank raid into St. Alban's Vermont, which narrowly missed bringing Canadian forces into open conflict with the Union soldiers, and the ambitious efforts by the Copperheads and Confederate agents to burn New York City. Again, acting on secret intelligence, Union General "Beast" Butler (as the citizens of New Orleans called him) occupied New York with 10,000 troops. Nevertheless, Confederate agents using bottles of "Greek fire" supplied by the Copperheads successfully burned a number of hotels and barges.

Until the end, the Copperhead movement persisted. And even today, citizens of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and across the northern region recall the deeds of their Copperhead ancestors with great pride. As an authority, no less than Jefferson Davis observed, the Copperheads were strong politically, even if they lacked military leadership. Not one can be faulted, however, for lack of courage in the harshest of conditions. ☆

Richard Hines and Stephen Page Smith are Confederate spies now living near the Union's capital. They send frequent dispatches to the *Partisan*, some of them in code.

GENERAL ROGER A. PRYOR, CSA.

(A MAN WHO CONQUERED FATE)

By Bob McHugh

Bob McHugh rediscovers General Roger A. Pryor, who not only killed Yankees with cheerful abandon but in later years charmed them into submission and ended up on the New York State Supreme Court.

In Natchez, Mississippi, and no doubt in other parts of the South, a Yankee is said to be a Northerner who comes to visit for a week or two, but a Damn Yankee is one who comes to stay.

No matter, most Yankees who have settled in the South don't care what they are called because they are treated well, and in many cases, rise to positions of prominence in their adopted communities.

The port of Gulfport, Mississippi, for example, was founded by a Northerner whose statue today overlooks the busy east-west beach highway and the waters of Mississippi Sound. This Northerner, Captain Joseph T. Jones, could come to South Mississippi near the turn of the century and find "malice toward none," but few Southerners who ventured North while memories were fresh fared as well.

One notable exception was Brigadier General Roger A. Pryor, C. S. A. , who made a remarkable transition from fiery Virginia secessionist to New York State Supreme Court Justice.

Pryor's granddaughter, Mrs. Hunter S. Kimbrough of Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, remembers him through the eyes of a child as a gentle and affectionate man who died at the age of 90 in 1919.

Letters to the grandchild he adored indeed do reveal a gentle nature. It is safe to say, however, that General Pryor was less than gentle to his enemies on or off the field of battle.

Robert S. Holzman's biography of Pryor, *Adapt or Perish*, published in 1976, pictures a remarkable general officer of the Confederate Army, whose name is not a familiar one today.

As a young man, Pryor lived by the *code duello*. Douglas Southall Freeman wrote of him that he was the most notorious duelist of his day, an assessment that, though not entirely false, exaggerates.

Pryor was editor of the Richmond *Enquirer* during pre-war days when accuracy with a pistol was as essential to an editor as command of the language. He fought Oswald R. Finney, a Whig member of the Virginia Senate, and dispatched him with a chest wound that witnesses were sure would be mortal. The resilient Mr. Finney recovered, however, and lived to be 91, a year longer than Pryor. On another occasion, Pryor agreed to a duel but fired his pistol into the ground rather than kill his impetuous opponent.

Considering Pryor's proclivity for standing firm for his beliefs, is should come as no surprise that as a secessionist congressman from Virginia, he accompanied emissaries of Beauregard's staff to Fort Sumter, South Carolina, and may have played a major part in the decision to fire the first shot in the War Between the States.

One of those emissaries, A. R. Chisolm, said at a later time that Pryor did not actually enter the Fort with the other three because he was the representative of a state (Virginia) that had not yet seceded.

Beauregard was demanding immediate surrender, but the reply of Major Robert Anderson, the Union commander, was ambiguous. He said he would leave the Fort within three days if he did not receive instructions to the contrary from his government.

According to William E. Dodd in *Statesmen of the Old South*, the four did not report back to Beauregard but judged Anderson's reply a refusal of the general's demand for immediate surrender and ordered a bombardment of the Union-held bastion.

Holzman says that a former president of the American Historical Association is on record as saying that Pryor told him during a conversation on December 30, 1909, that he ordered the firing. It would not have been out of character. Pryor reportedly said in a speech in Charleston just before the Fort Sumter attack that Virginia would join the Confederacy, a development he ardently desired, the moment that blood began to be shed. And no sooner than it began to flow, Virginia seceded and Pryor was in uniform. He fought in many battles, including Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Sharpsburg, and Second Manassas.

At Second Manassas, Pryor had a brigade. Advancing ahead of his men, who were charging Union batteries, Pryor found himself in what he described as an "embarrassing position."

Unaccompanied, he came upon two Federal soldiers resting near a hayrick. One sought to take him prisoner, but Pryor seized one of their stacked muskets and ran both through with the attached bayonet. The next day, Pryor learned that a Union soldier with a bayonet wound was in the field hospital and went to see how the man was getting along.

Pryor chafed under the red tape of Army organization, which was directed along state lines. The number of other senior Virginia generals left him too often without an adequate command. Yet, his record is heavy with commendations and his brother officers spoke highly of him.

Pryor resigned his commission as brigadier general in August of 1863 in order to enlist and fight on as a private soldier. He wrote to his wife, "I had something to do with bringing on this war. I must give myself to Virginia. She needs the help of all her sons. If there are too many brigadier generals in the service—it may be so—certain it is that there are not enough private soldiers."

Actually, Pryor's resignation was never officially accepted. President Davis held it up, hoping that the impatient Virginian would reconsider and wait for an appropriate command. He didn't. He joined the cavalry of General Fitz Lee, who was delighted to have him.

As a private, Pryor was of great value as a scout because of his knowledge of the countryside. His family remained in Petersburg, which was under constant seige.

An observing member of the British Parliament said of the Pryor household, "I am going home and tell the English women what I have seen here: two boys reading Caesar while the shells are thundering, and their mother looking on without fear." So much for the vaunted British tradition of the stiff upper lip.

In November of 1864, Pryor's fighting days ended with his capture. In this sad War it was not unusual for foes to meet for the purpose of exchanging various items. Pryor frequently traded newspapers with those on the Union picket lines. For reasons known only to themselves, the Union soldiers on this November day broke the informal truce and seized Pryor.

His prison cell at Fort Lafayette in New York has been described as a casemate that he was forced to share with twelve others. They had straw mats on the floor for beds and a grate for heating and cooking. Once daily, Pryor had a chance to walk the ramparts, from which he could see the outlines of New York City.

The imprisoned Virginian never dreamed that in years to come, after unrelenting study and labor, he would administer justice to residents of that city from the New York Supreme Court bench.

At the end of the war, Pryor was freed, but he and many other distinguished Southerners were indicted by the federal government for treason. Pryor was advised that it was not safe for him to remain in Virginia where those in power sought to have him arrested. Also, there were no opportunities to earn a living for himself and his family in the war-ravaged South.

Reluctantly, he decided to return to New York City where he found employment writing anonymously for the *New York Daily News*, then owned by Benjamin Wood, a Southern sympathizer.

Abraham Lincoln was apparently a reader of Pryor's editorials in the *Richmond Enquirer* in *ante-bellum* days. Lincoln's famous 1858 speech to the Republican State Convention in Illinois contained one of his most quotable utterances about the coming war—"A House divided

against itself cannot stand." L. A. Warren wrote in *Lincoln Lore* that Lincoln acknowledged that the phrase came from a Pryor editorial.

Pryor's claims to fame rest on his accomplishments as lawyer, jurist and soldier, but he was also a persuasive and eloquent editorialist. Benjamin Wood had a bargain in Pryor at $25. 00 a week.

Sara Rice Pryor, the general's wife, was also a successful writer. She sold a story to the *Saturday Evening Post* at the age of 16 and as a part-time authoress wrote four books, including *My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life*, much material from which found its way into Holzman's *Adapt or Perish*.

Speaking of White House borrowings from Pryor, unless memory fails, which it does not, the wife of Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote a newspaper column entitled "My Day."

Journalism in New York, however, was only to Pryor a means of saving a few dollars so that he could bring his family to that city and establish a home. Once that had been done, he buried himself in law books to equip himself to practice in a state whose statutes were unfamiliar to him. Little of what he had learned at the University of Virginia law school applied in New York. Despite Pryor's remarkable grasp of the law, his rise to prominence in the New York bar was slow. New Yorkers did not at first accept this former Confederate general. One city newspaper remarked editorially that Pryor was being allowed "to live among the Yankees, whom he formerly held in such contempt."

In one letter to Mrs. Pryor, the general acknowledged that "obstacles to the success of 'a rebel' in this city are almost insurmountable." Obstacles there were, but Pryor surmounted them. By 1874, he was a celebrity in the Henry Ward Beecher adultery trial. Another noted case in which Pryor was involved was the impeachment case against Mississippi Governor Adelbert Ames, a Republican carpetbagger. Pryor persuaded Ames to resign his high office, arranging in return for charges to be dropped. Mississippians were glad to be rid of Ames and to see the unahppy affair brought to a speedy end.

Pryor also became the first lawyer to win a suit against the Elevated Railroad Company for damage to adjoining property, and conducted the suit against the Sugar Trust, the first litigation in any court or any state against combinations in restraint of trade.

In 1896, at the age of 67, Pryor was appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of the state of New York. He served with great distinction, retiring when he reached the age of 70, as required by state law. The following year he reentered the practice of law.

At the age of 81, the aging general offered a lesson in good manners to a young New Yorker who had deliberately rammed into the octogenerian on an elevated railway car, where the ambience was considerably less decorous than that of a Virginia drawing room.

Pryor ordered the conductor to hold the train for precisely two minutes, then proceded to pound the younger man into submission with an umbrella. His estimate of the amount of time he would require proved to be accurate.

This account did not surprise Pryor's granddaughter, Mrs. Kimbrough who recalled on a recent afternoon at her Bay St. Louis home a similar incident.

She remembers vividly seeing the general at the head of the stairs in his New York home brandishing his cane at a departing visitor and urging the "rascal" to leave with all the haste he could muster.

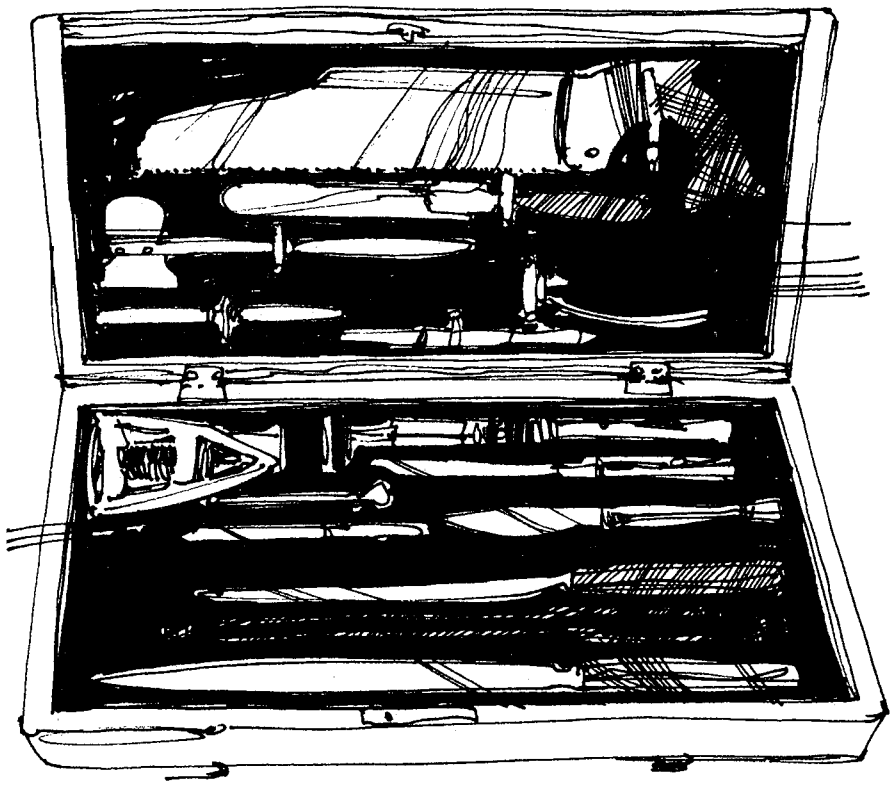
Having seen nothing of the visitor but his heels, Mrs. Kimbrough could not identify him and did not venture to ask her grandfather to explain the encounter. To her, however, he was the kindest and gentlest of men.

The courage and spirit that sustained Roger Pryor throughout the bloody War remained with him until his last breath. Had Lee been able to give him the command he should have had, his name would be as familiar to us today as the names of Beauregard, Forrest, Johnston, Early or Fitzhugh Lee. If history has overlooked this remarkable soldier and jurist, Holzman's volume and Mrs. Pryor's *My Day* remedy that defect. They should be more widely read.

Mrs. Pryor summed up in her book as well as anyone has one of the principal lessons to be leanred from General Pryor's life: "That he conquered the fate which threatened to destroy him—and conquered it through the appreciation awarded him by his sometime enemies—is a striking illustration of the possibilities afforded by our country; where not only can the impoverished refugee from other lands find fortune and happiness, but where her own sons, prostrate and ruined after a dreadful, fratricidal strife, can bind their wounds, take up their lives again, and finally win reward for their labors." ☆

Bob McHugh is editorial editor of *The Sun* in Biloxi-Gulfport, Mississippi. He wrote the libretto for *Elegy In Gray*, an opera about Jefferson Davis produced by the Gulf Coast Opera Theatre in 1976.

WAR AND MEDICINE



By Mobashir Salahuddin

Mobashir Salahuddin, writes a grim chronical of medical care during the war, but shows as well how Confederate doctors and nurses working under desperate conditions were at times as heroic as those they treated.

Political leaders on both sides saw the terrible conflagration coming and, yet, they acted as if somehow it would blow away without stealing their young men, as if war could depart without leaving behind broken spirits and broken homes. War at first promised to be a romantic interlude. Mr. Lincoln called up only 75,000 men for short service.

Fireworks and spontaneous celebration greeted the secession of South Carolina. When, in April 1861, Virginia also joined the fray "all business was suspended," wrote one observer, "and young and old, rich and poor, gave themselves up for a grand carnival of rejoicing."

The gaiety and sense of adventure were short-lived. The War turned out to be one of the bloodiest ever fought. Approximately 620,000 men died—360,000 Northerners and 260,000 from the South. In addition, the Union soldiers alone suffered 400,000 cases of wounds and injuries and almost 6 million cases of sickness.

The physicians in gray also faced medical problems of unprecedented magnitude. In an invaded and blockaded country and with little or no experience in military medicine or surgery, they were quickly confronted with caring for more than 3 million wounded and sick soldiers.

Both sides faced overwhelming medical problems and neither had as much as one satisfactory hospital. It was believed that the War would be over quickly. Therefore, little thought was given to building hospitals. As the dead and the wounded came pouring in, they were unceremoniously dumped in various large buildings hastily converted into hospitals.

Church pews, hotel lobbies, barns, even the Lee Mansion in Arlington were used to house the wounded. As late as the summer of 1862, casualties were being taken care of in the rotunda and congress of the capitol.

"Nothing that I had ever heard or read had given me the faintest ideas of the horrors witnessed here," wrote Confederate nurse Kate Cunningham in her famous journal, describing the scene at one converted hospital.

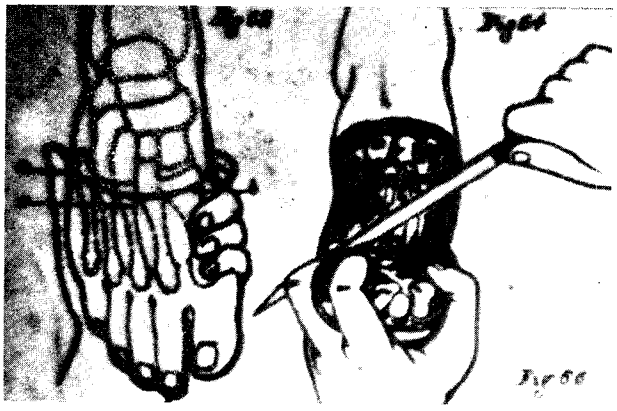
"The men are lying all over the house, on their blankets, just as they were brought from the battlefield. They are in the hall, on the gallery, and crowded into very small rooms."

"The foul air from this mass of human beings at first made me giddy and sick, but I soon got over it. We have to walk and, when we give the men anything, kneel in blood and water."

The makeshift arrangements away from the battlefields mirrored the primitive medical facilities available on the field. Upon arrival the injured soldier would often find himself one of a large number of men, lying on the ground or upon piles of straw, awaiting their turn at the operating table.

In reality, the operating table was just a fancy name for what was "always a crude affair and sometimes merely a door torn from its hinges," according to the noted historian George W. Adams.

If the examination was expected to be painful, the soldier would be given a general anesthetic "but sometimes," writes Adams, "a simple bullet wound would be probed while the patient was fully conscious, and shrieks and groans would alarm those waiting their turn."



Operations were even less inviting. Usually they were carried on next to mounds of severed arms and legs, and perhaps near disfigured swollen corpses. Adams quotes one eyewitness account from Gettysburg:

> *Most of the operting tables were placed in the open where the light was best, some of them partially protected against the rain by tarpaulins or blankets stretched upon poles. There stood the surgeons, their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, their bare arms as well as their linen aprons smeared with blood, their knives not seldom held between their teeth, while they were helping a patient on or off the table or had their hands otherwise occupied.*
>
> *As a wounded man was lifted from the table, often shrieking with pain as the attendants handled him, the surgeon quickly examined the wound and resolved upon cutting off the injured limb. Some ether was administered and the body put in position in a moment. The surgeon snatched his knife from between his teeth. . . wiped it rapidly once or twice across his blood-stained apron, and the cutting began. The operation accomplished, the surgeon would look around with a deep sigh, and then, 'Next!' "*

It's been well remarked that the War Between the States was fought in the closing years of the medical Middle Ages. Knowledge of infection and standards of cleanliness left something to be desired.

"We operated with clean hands in the social sense but they were undisinfected hands," wrote one surgeon." If a sponge or an instrument fell on the floor it was washed and squeezed in a basin of tap water and used as if it were clean."

There was little or no awareness of public health measures. The U. S. Sanitary Commission noted that in one of the regiments, large numbers of men refusing to use the latrines were contaminating the slope leading to the small stream that served as its water supply.

Nurse Kate Cunningham describes an even more revolting scene." The passage to the kitchen leads directly past the amputating room below the stairs, and many a time I have seen the blood running in streams from it."

Not surprisingly, disease was the big killer. One June 26, 1862, a South Carolina surgeon writing from a camp near Richmond declared that sick men were dying by the thousands.

Out of the Federal dead, approximately three out of five died of disease, and of the Confederate dead probably two out of every three. Still, that was considered a great improvement over the Mexican War when 10 soldiers died of disease for every one killed by the enemy. It wasn't until World War I that fatalities from the battle outnumbered those from communicable diseases.

The abysmal conditions of makeshift hospitals and the general ignorance of good sanitation practices posed a grave threat to life. However, many soldiers no doubt considered themselves lucky to have even made it away from the battlefield.

At the start of the war, neither side had an ambulance corps. At Manassas, the civilian ambulance drivers, hired for the occasion, got scared when the shooting began and raced away with their horses. Hundreds of wounded soldiers were left to drag themselves to safety.

When available, neither the two-wheel nor the four-wheel horse-drawn ambulances were famous for their comfort." A ride in one of these insolent chariots on a corduroy road must have been a kind of vehicular purgatory even to one in the best of health," writes Stewart Brooks.

"Actually, not a few of the wounded were jarred to death and overnight the two-wheeler became known throughout the Army of the Potomac as the 'avalanche.'"

In time, of course, both sides rallied and profited greatly from lessons learned in the war. In 1861, the U. S. Medical Department was hopelessly naive, ill-equipped and ill-prepared but by 1865, concludes Adams, "it was a large, smooth-functioning organization, controlling a system of hospitals more imposing than anything seen down to that time.

"The field-relief system had evolved from the near-anarchy of regimental and hospital units to the integrated division and corps hospitals and ambulance trains."

The Ambulance Corps, established in 1864, was one of the most important developments and the forerunner of modern field medicine. Another crucial event was the start of nursing as a profession. If the medical profession was in a state of infancy at the outbreak of hostilities, the nursing profession hadn't yet been born.

"Nursing soldiers was no work for a refined lady," as Kate Cunningham's brother put it, in deterring her

from going to the front.

The North was the first to see the advantages of having well-trained nurses. On June 10, 1861, Dorothea L. Dix was appointed Superintendent of Female Nurses of the Army of the United States. She quickly made it clear she meant business, as exemplified by the early circulars promoting her work.

"No women under thirty years of age need apply to serve in government hospitals," the circulars read. "All nurses are required to be very plain looking women. Their dress must be brown or black, with no bows, nor curls, no jewelry, and no hoop skirts."

The Confederacy was slower in recruiting nurses but by September 1862 it, too, granted them official status. The presence of nurses in hospitals, says Adams, "was not only one of the outstanding novelties of the War, but an event in American social history."

Surgeons, too, gained immeasurably from the War. The soldiers paid a fearful price, to be sure, but by the time hostilities ended, many surgeons had become adept at entering the chest, abdomen, and even the cranium.

Dr. George Otis, Assistant Surgeon of the U. S. Army, summed it up well in his report: "surgeons have been schooled to deal with the most ghastly injuries of the face without dismay, to obtain unexpected results, and to accomplish favorably reparative operations from which, formerly, they would have recoiled."

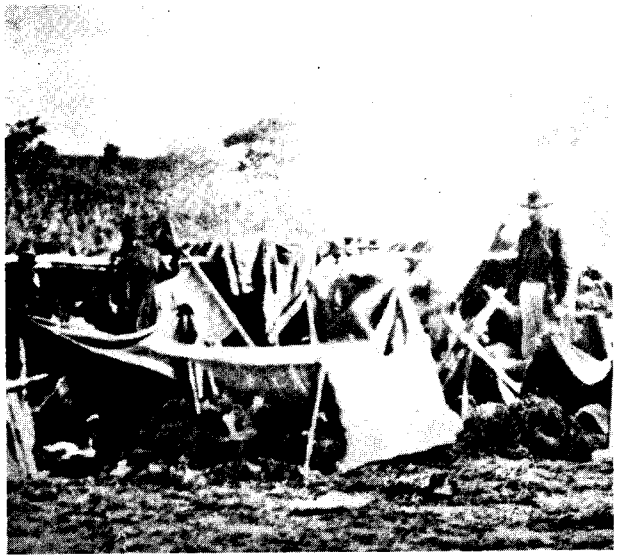
Above all, the terrible losses inflicted by the War stimulated thoughtful men on both sides to consider improvements and to report systematically and analyze developments. Such a scientific spirit is clearly evident in the various medical reports included in the massive three-volume *Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion*, a work compiled by the War Department.

The conflagration also brought forth an awareness of public health and good sanitation practices which ushered in the era of modern hospitals. Confederate doctor Samuel Moore was way ahead of others in anticipating the hospital of the future. Other Confederate doctors who achieved fame include John Chisolm and Joseph Jones, for their contributions to anesthesia and surgery and medical history of the war, respectively.

On the Union side, Drs. William Hammond and Jonathan Letterman laid the framework for the medical corps of the future, while Silas Mitchell achieved world-wide fame as an authority on nervous disorders.

Elisha Harris founded the American Public Health Association and Dr. John Billings started the *Index Medicus*, the well-known guide to medical literature.

Most accounts of the medical conditions during the war are horrifying, if not hair-raising. A soldier's chances of not returning home were one in four, ascompared to the Korean War when a soldier's odds were one in 126. Nevertheless, the War Between the States also produced its share of hardy soldiers, who smiled at the odds and kept on charging.



Samuel Wright was one such crusty fellow. He fought in 21 battles. At White Oak Swamp, he was wounded in the head by a shell fragment and at Sharpsburg, he suffered wounds in both legs. He injured his arm at Cold Harbor, and was shot in the head and lost his right eye at the Battle of the Crater.

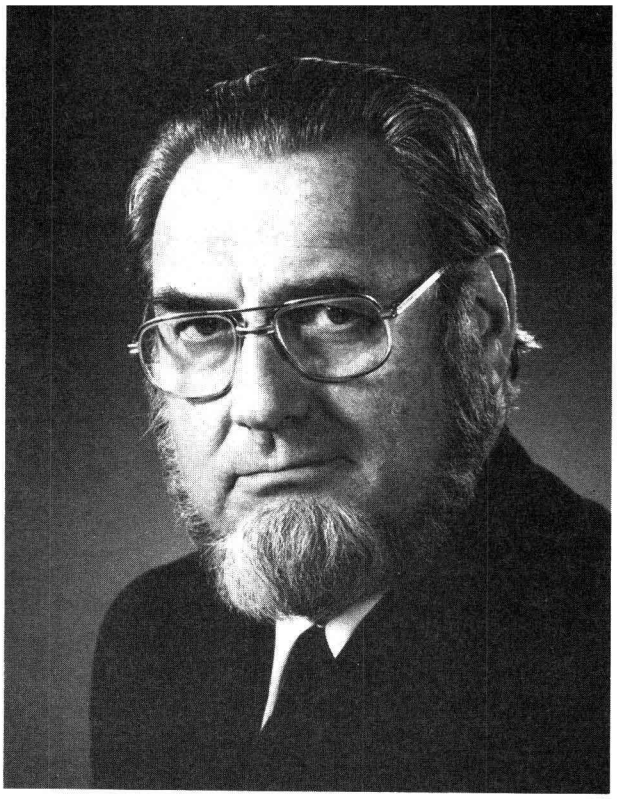
He also went down with typhoid fever, broke a leg in an attempt to save a piece of artillery, and was run over by an army wagon in Kentucky. He lived to be 79.

For men like Sam Wright—and for many of us who study the causes, the heroism and the strategy of armed conflict—there is a terrible appeal in warfare. Even General Lee, as he surveyed the awesome spectacle of his men lined up in ranks awaiting command, commented that it is well that war is so terrible. "Otherwise," he said, "we might grow too fond of it."

Much has been written on the legacy of war, especially *that* war—the War Between the States. Still, there is lively discussion on why the War was waged, how it might have been avoided and who was to blame. But on one point, there can be general agreement: the War led to medical improvements that have saved and enhanced the lives of hundreds of thousands in the decades that followed. In that sense, the young men who died left us a valuable gift, a legacy that was not interred with their bones. ☆

Mr. Salahuddin is a medical writer reporter for The State Newspaper *in Columbia, South Carolina.*

PARTISAN CONVERSATION



Dr. C. Everett Koop is Surgeon General of the United States, appointed by Ronald Reagan in 1981 over hard opposition from various pro-abortion groups.

Speaking to a Southern audience, Dr. Koop might wellpoint out that more unborn children are "terminated" in one year across the South than all the lives lost during four years of America's bloodiest war.

The Surgeon General was interviewed in his Washington office by the Southern Partisan's Rod Gragg.

PARTISAN: Is infanticide being practiced in the South and in other parts of the United States?

KOOP: I'll have to hedge a little. We never knew to what extent infanticide was being practiced. We knew it was being practiced and since all of the furor over Baby Doe of Bloomington, Indiana, we know that whatever was being done has lessened, but we still don't know the extent of it. But there is no doubt in my mind on the basis of my experience as a pediatric surgeon, that infanticide is being practiced throughout the country, in greater depth in some places than others.

PARTISAN: Could you describe how infanticide is being practiced, under what circumstances?

KOOP: People don't like to use the term infanticide because infanticide is homicide and homicide is a crime. People who practice infanticide don't see themselves as participating in a crime—they see themselves as alleviating the suffering of a family or protecting a community from economic hardship. Therefore, they prefer to use the phrase "withholding food or treatment from handicapped newborns." The most common occasion that this occurred in this country, as far as I can tell, is when a child is born with two things: one, a congenital defect which is incompatible with life but was nevertheless amenable to a surgical procedure, and some mental retardation, usually Down's Syndrome. The fascinating thing is that if a child were born with Down's Syndrome alone, I don't know anybody in this country who would take steps to kill it. If a child were born with a surgical problem alone, practically everybody would move to fix that. But when the two occur together, it provides a way to get rid of the mental retardation by not operating on the surgical problem.

PARTISAN: How can physicians and parents justify withholding an infants' nutrition?

KOOP: Well, I think it comes back to this abstract issue of the quality of life. You may have a quality of life that I don't think is great and vice versa. But there is no way that one can judge the quality of life of another. Take a Down's Syndrome child for example. As far as the Down's Syndrome child is concerned, he or she has a fine quality of life. These are very happy youngsters. They provide great joy and happiness to families, even families who have other children. Yet there are people who say that their quality of life is such that the child should not be permitted to live. I think what those people are saying is that child has a quality of life that I can't tolerate and therefore I don't want him around.

PARTISAN: Isn't that a barbaric attitude?
KOOP: I think it's barbaric and everything I have said, done or written on this subject puts me squarely on the side of the baby. I want to hasten to say that I have never said that every child, just because he is born alive, should have every heroic thing known to medical science done to keep him alive. There is a very clear-cut difference between giving a patient of any age the life to which he or she is entitled and merely prolonging the act of dying. But I certainly don't think that we have the right to terminate a child's life because he will not have the intellect we would like to see in a child.
PARTISAN: How do you draw the line?
KOOP: I think the statement, "you just don't prolong the act of dying," covers it all. An example: suppose a child is born with only a brain stem and not a cognitive functioning brain. I would not do a surgical procedure on that child to correct another defect because that child is dying when it is born. You can't live without a brain. I don't think you should prolong that act of dying.

But there are mitigating circumstances now in law. The regulations that appear as amendments to the child abuse legislation that the president signed into law on October 9 provide that no matter whether you withhold treatment because it is not going to be medically beneficial to the child, you *never* withhold medication that relieves pain, you *never* withhold nutrition, you *never* withhold hydration.
PARTISAN: How many people do you think have been killed at birth in the United States, say within the past year?
KOOP: There is just no way you can tell. You have to separate the two problems. If you talk about infants born alive after abortion and are then killed, the number is very high. If you are talking about Baby Does who are born so-called normally and then have problems that lead people to think their lives are not worth living, the only number that I have ever seen people come up with is probably in excess of 1200 a year. But it could be a lot more than that because people don't get up on housetops and say we're going to kill this baby. It's a quiet secret among select groups of people in the hospital and the parents.
PARTISAN: Historically, Southerners have a reputation for chivalry, and Americans in general like to think of themselves as compassionate, surely parents must not really realize what they are doing.
KOOP: I think you are absolutely right. And you're one of the few people to put the question to me that way. I have maintained that in this terribly emotional circumstance surrounding the birth of a child that is not perfect, parents do not know what to do and they will take the advice of people they trust. The people they trust are usually their medical advisors. So, in a sense, it is the manner in which the doctor approaches the family that will lead to a decision.

As a pediatric surgeon, I would approach parents this way. I would say: your baby has Down's Syndrome which means that there will be some degree of mental retardation. No one knows if that will be severe or mild at this stage and there is no way we can tell. But let me assure you that I will do all in my power and I will put at your disposal the facilities of this hospital to see that your child will get the best that is known to modern science to help you through the process of educating him and assimilating him into your family. I have never had a family say to me, "no, I don't want you to operate; we would rather not have this child."
PARTISAN: Last October Congress passed a new child abuse law. What will it change—if anything?
KOOP: Well, to answer that question properly, I would have to go back to what we had before. After Baby Doe was born, the President was so upset, he instructed this department *and* the Attorney General to take steps to see that it never happened again. Regulations that were attached to former civil rights legislation under Federal law punishable at the federal level were struck down in court and by the time the Congress passed the Baby Doe amendments of the child abuse legislation, we had no protective regulations to cover Baby Does in this country. The new legislation removes the authority from civil rights legislation and puts it under child abuse legislation. It removes it from federal jurisdiction and puts it under the jurisdiction of the states and territories. The statute passed by Congress and signed by the President makes it clear that abstract concepts such as "quality of life," will *not* be used in making determinations about who shall live and who shall die. We have suggested in the regulations that patient care review committees be established in hospitals. There would be a forum for discussing ways and means of caring for this child all the way from helping the family to cope with the problem to having the child adopted by another family. I have great hopes that the new regulations along with the guidelines that we wrote for these patient care review committes will make Baby Does a very rare occurrence in this country.
PARTISAN: On another subject, twelve years have passed since the Supreme Court legalized abortion on demand. How many unborn children have been aborted since that ruling?
KOOP: About 16 million.
PARTISAN: That's probably about twice the number of people that were killed in the death camps in Nazi Germany.
KOOP: That's right—about 4,000 a day.
PARTISAN: The South is probably the most conservative region in the nation, and yet polls there indicate that many people either favor liberal abortion laws, or are indifferent to the issue. Why is that?
KOOP: If you read a book like the one written by Bernard Nathenson called *Aborting America*, you will see

this wasn't happenstance. There was a long campaign to bring about the changes wrought by the Supreme Court. We have been misled into ignoring reality. If you refer to an unborn baby everybody knows what you are talking about. If you talk about "the product of conception," it becomes much less real. Then there are those people who believe that anything legal is right. Finally, there is this "quality oflife" business, which is skewed to serve the people who are pro-abortion. They say, incorrectly, that they are preventing child abuse by abortion. That is *absolutely not true*. In fact, it seems to work just the other way around. There are more abused children that bear their father's name than there are unwanted children who are abused.

PARTISAN: Let me ask this question: Do you believe that most women who have abortions know exactly what's going to be done to their unborn children?

KOOP: No. That's part of the semantic smokescreen that makes abortion so prevalent. There was an ordinance proposed in the city of Akron which seemed to me very reasonable. It suggested two things: one, that there be a lapse of 24 hours between the time a woman made arrangements for abortion and the time it was carried out, and two, that the abortionist show her a picture, as close as he could estimate of the age, of her unborn child. That, of course, would have knocked out a lot of abortions. If you show a woman what she is aborting, it looks just like the baby that was born to her last time. Another thing is the evidence that Dr. Nathenson is now taking around the world when he shows sonograms of a child being aborted. We do have evidence of many women who watch their own sonography while they are pregnant realizing what that child looks like and what it is doing in her womb. They then decide to carry out the pregnancy.

PARTISAN: Isn't there new evidence that unborn children who are aborted feel pain?

KOOP: I don't think there is any doubt that unborn children feel pain. When the President made the statement last year there was a tremendous cry by the pro-abortion press that he did not know what he was talking about. But notice they did very little to correct the situation when scientist after scientist and body after body came out and said *absolutely* the fetus feels pain. He withdraws from pinpricks; he doesn't even like loud noises.

PARTISAN: Is the medical community making a lot of money from abortion?

KOOP: Abortionists are making alot of money on abortion, there is no question about that. It is big business.

PARTISAN: Do you think the profits involved affect the medical community's attitude about abortion?

KOOP: They certainly affect some part of the medical community's attitude about abortion. I think there are medical people on both sides of the issue who never have any connection with abortion. But when you talk to an abortionist, especially when you talk to one whose whole practice is abortion, how can you remove the economic issue? I think one of the sad things about the medical profession is that they have become technicians at the request of society to care for social problems defined as either over population or unwanted children.

PARTISAN: Do you see comparisons in our time with medical communities in Nazi Germany, with its duplicity and collaboration in Holocaust?

KOOP: Francis Schaeffer and I have both drawn parallels to the Nazi system. Before the Holocaust, there was a situation in Germany where medicine became corrupt and then the law became corrupt. Medicine became corrupt by saying that there is such a thing as life not worth living and therefore proceeded with the forced killing by gasing and cremation of people they thought were unfit for life. This included children with congenital defects, retarded children, elderly people who were senile, truly insane people and eventually even those that had tuberculosis and amputations. This was the work of the German Euthanasia Society and it was led by Bavarian psychiatrists. What brought about the Holocaust was the fact that the equivalent in Germany of our Supreme Court, said yes, this is okay to do. At the crossroads of the corruption of medicine and the corruption of law, the Holocaust was born.

In this country, we have two things meeting in the same way. We have a change in medical ethics which makes abortion acceptable and we also have the Supreme Court saying it's legal. And as I have frequently said, there is a domino effect from abortion to infanticide to the eventual problem we will face in this country which is euthanasia.

PARTISAN: Well, before we go into that, do you feel we will ever see the abortion laws in this country changed back to protect unborn infants?

KOOP: I think it's possible with a differently constructed Supreme Court to have appropriate cases brought before it which would have the courts retreat from its hardnosed position. They can limit abortion, they can redefine viability and they can put this in the hands of the several states.

PARTISAN: You are hoping you'll see some conservative apppointments by Mr. Reagan?

KOOP: I most certainly am.

PARTISAN: But until that happens, abortion will continue. And you see this as a prelude to euthanasia?

KOOP: Well, first of all, infanticide *is* enthuansia. So you have euthanasia here now. But the problems that we have faced with infanticide will be like managing a Sunday School picnic compared to the problems that face us sometime in the next 15 years. In the early years of the next century, we estimate that there will be 50 million people over age 65, half of them over 75. The most rapidly growing group of people in this country are the people in the ninth decade of life. They will be supported

by the toddler of today who will be the wage earner, the tax payer, the movers and shapers of society tomorrow.

Yet, the Census Bureau tells us that in the early years of the next century the tax base will be no bigger in number than it is right now. It will be hard to handle for provision of health and human services for all those elderly people. In addition, we will have a large pediatric population to worry about, not because our women are so fertile, but because we will be facing the echo of the baby boom. To say it another way, in the early years of the next century the baby boomers, who were huge in number, will be having their grandchildren.

PARTISAN: So what you are saying is that the baby boom generation in the last part of this century and early part of next century will be so great and so large it will be a burden on the toddlers of today and that euthanasia will emerge as a solution?

KOOP: That is exactly right, and it is happening today under the guise of phrases like "death with dignity" and "the right to die." It encourages the living will, and in general makes old people feel that somehow or other, somewhere along the line, they lost the right to be cared for in their old age because it is going to take resources from someone who is younger and more deserving.

PARTISAN: OK. Let's talk for a moment about President Reagan. Some of the anti-abortion folks are beginning to say that he has done nothing to stop abortion other than a lot of talk. What is your opinion?

KOOP: I would like to have these people tell me what they think he could do. He has made it extraordinarily clear what he would like to see happen. He, just as I, took an oath of office to uphold the law of the land, and the law of the land says that by Supreme Court decree an unborn baby is not protected by the Constitution and that abortion is the right of any woman on demand. Still, he has given moral support to the pro-life cause, even before the Congress. And we could have moved Congress if the pro-life forces had agreed on the way to go and had not their forces been shattered by one wanting a human life amendment, one wanting a human life bill, and one wanting to have Congress declare when life began. By the time they got to settling their differences, the opportunity had passed. I think the President has been great on abortion.

PARTISAN: In closing, let me ask you to picture a small Southern community, the pace is comfortable, families are close, people still go to church. There is that Southern tradition of conservative values. But the local hospital performs abortions; there is an abortion clinic nearby, and let's say a sizable number of people in this hypothetical Southern town oppose abortion but they don't know what to do to stop it. What can they do?

KOOP: Well, they should *not* be violent—that's the first thing. I think the only way that you can move the situation is by education. Now in the local Southern town you mentioned, which sounds like a place I would like to live, you are not going to change the law of the land or the law of the state. But you might, by moral persuasion, bring the physicians either to close the abortion clinic, or to get out, or to bring the hospital to say they would not consider this to be part of their obligation to the care of their patients.

PARTISAN: Practically speaking, how do you do that, how do you change their minds?

KOOP: Only by education and persuasion. I think a great many people have never really faced what abortion is, and that includes physicians who do it. Bernard Nathenson was one of the most prominent abortionists in America and the day came when the weight of 67,000 abortions caused him to say, "I had the feeling I had presided over 67,000 murders." Although he claims to be an atheist and although he does not stand with me on a number of other conservative issues, he has become one of the most outspoken voices against abortion. He now realizes what he was doing. When he looked through an instrument that let him view the baby floating in its mother's womb, and saw that it sucked its thumb, that it reacted to pain, that it put its hands over its eyes when they turned the light on, etc. , he knew he was dealing with something other than a membrane.

PARTISAN: What is your priority for the remainder of your appointment?

KOOP: I certainly have enjoyed the opportunity I've had as Surgeon General, and I have an agenda for the remainder of the term. I will continue to serve as advocate for groups of people in this country: mothers and babies, handicapped children and the elderly. I hope to address violence in this country as a public health problem. I will attempt to show that a lot of violence has its origins in pornography, which is a great scourge in this land, and I will be addressing that from a health point of view. I will be addressing, for the elderly, a philosphy on aging which will tend to put aging in perspective as something that happens to us all, and should be reckoned with early on.

We are our brothers' keepers. It stands to reason that the generation that mistreats the elderly will be so mistreated by their children.

PARTISAN: One final question: is the anti-abortion movement stronger in the South than elsewhere in the country?

KOOP: I would say that it is stronger in the South and the Midwest, the so-called Bible-belt areas. The largest and most flourishing adoption agency in the country still flourishes in the South.

PARTISAN: What is that?

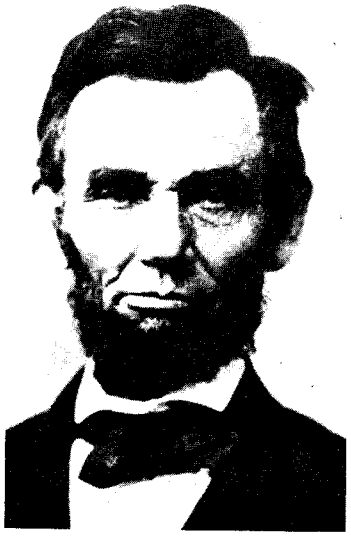
KOOP: The Edna Gladney Home in Fort Worth, Texas. Some call that the southwest, but it's the South to me.

RESTORATION SERIES

THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

By Paul Gottfried

"Marx was convinced that Lincoln would win the hearts and minds of the European working class by making a morally compelling case for the union."



"The notion of Lincoln and Tsar Alexander II choosing each other as role models for emancipating surfs and slaves is simply a textbook fiction."

Historians have long misinterpreted the responses of Europeans to the events of the American War Between the States. One of the earliest cases in point was Karl Marx, who considered himself a scientific historian and a knowledgeable commentator on the great American Crisis. Writing on December 12, 1862, about the Emancipation Proclamation, Marx praised Lincoln's capacity to "accomplish the most significant things in the least conspicuous way possible." Marx was convinced that Lincoln would win the hearts and minds of the European working class by making a morally compelling case for the Union. However snidely English newspapers treated Lincoln's rustic manners, Marx was convinced that European workers and progressives would rally to support the Great Emancipator.

Marx's view of Lincoln is puzzling for at least two reason. One, Marx claimed to be an historical materialist who saw ideas as derivative from economic circumstances. Yet, in the matter of refounding the American regime, he had faith in the power of Lincoln's hidden moral vision to touch everywhere proletariat souls. This would occur, or so Marx believed, despite the military-strategic purpose of the Proclamation and despite the resentment of millworkers in Lancashire and in other English industrial centers left jobless because of the Northern blockade of the cotton-producing South.

Two, Marx pitifully misread Europe's reaction to the Emancipation Proclamation. The document was widely ridiculed as an example of military-political opportunism cloaked in moral righteousness.

Contrary to another common textbook misconception, pro-Confederate, and certainly anti-Union, sentiment was not limited in England to Tory aristocratic circles. The self-serving reports of Northern diplomats in England often seemed to indicate such a situation, but Lincoln's shrewd ambassador in London Charles Francis Adams knew better. The Union side had few friends in England in the fall of 1861. Lincoln had dared to impose a blockade on Southern ports, though he and his Secretary of State William Seward had assured the British earlier

that the War was no more than an American internal matter, British ships were seized trying to trade with the South. To make matters even worse, a Union naval officer Charles Wilkes on November 8, 1861 captured an English mail steamer on route to Southampton from Havana. Wilkes abducted two passengers, both Confederate commissioners, James Murray Mason and John Slidell, whom he subsequently brought to Boston as prisoners. In England cries of outrage and demands for the release of Mason and Slidell came from every social class. Significantly, it was the royal family and the very aristocratic British ambassador to Washington, Lord Lyons, who frustrated the popular will for revenge. Prince Albert and Lord Lyons turned the English government's ultimatum into a mere admonition, followed by negotiable demands for Mason's and Slidell's release.

The most vocal support for the Union in England came from liberal and radical democratic reformers. Richard Cobden and John Bright, on the democratic capitalist Right; John Stuart Mill and John Elliot Cairnes, both feminists and social democrats; and Marx and Friedrich Engels, on the revolutionary socialist Left, typified the Union's hard-core ideological support in England. But the more realistic observers among this band had no illusions about their small numbers. In a revealing comment published in 1862 in *Westminister Review*, John Stuart Mill lamented, "Why is the general voice of our press, the general sentiment of our people bitterly reproachful toward the North while for the South, the aggressor in the war, we have either mild apologies or direct and downright encouragement? And this is not only from the Tory and anti-democratic camp, but from liberals, or *soidisant* such."

Mill had noticed that classical liberal publicists and journals were applauding the Confederacy for its defense of free trade. Conversely, they criticized the Union and Lincoln's Republican Party for their support of tariffs. One liberal, anti-slavery journal with wide readership the *Economist*, argued early in the war that an independent Confederacy, devoted to free trade, was more likely to abolish slavery than a South subjugated by the North. Even after the Emancipation Proclamation, the *Economist* remained generally unsympathetic to the Northern side.

In France the government was perhaps more open than in England in expressing support for the Confederates. The Southern commissioner, John Slidell developed warm relations with Louis Napoleon and his ministers. Largely because of Slidell's influence in Paris, the South obtained naval supplies and other assistance from France throughout the War. The French Emperor knew of the role being played by Francophile Southerners and Southerners of French extraction in the Confederate cause, particularly in Slidell's own state of Louisiana. Louis Napoleon's attempt, starting in 1862, to take over Mexico, made him even more favorable to an independent Confederacy, especially one beholden to him for its freedom.

Contrary to what Marx and Mill might have wished, the Union drew its major European political support from backward, autocratic Russia. The North also enjoyed superlative relations with Bismarck's Prussia. Though Bismarck, as a landed aristocrat, felt an affinity for the Southern gentry, in foreign policy he inclined toward the American North and Tsarist Russia. Prussian military observers accompanied Sherman and Grant on their campaigns, and they paid their grisled hosts the supreme compliment of imitation. In 1866 the Prussian army defeated the Austrians by applying the technological advances which the American North had used against the American South.

The Russian connection that the Union diligently cultivated was, ironically,the work of Lincoln's enemies. The pro-Southern Democrat James Buchanan, while ambassador at St. Petersburg in the 1830's, had negotiated commercial treaties with the Tsar's ministers. After the Crimean War, the future secessionist governor of South Carolina, Francis W. Pickens, worked as ambassador to the Russian court, to improve Russo-American relations. Russia was then seeking to break out of the political isolation that had befallen her during and after the Crimean War. That war had begun when Russian advances against the decaying Turkish empire had brought about an anti-Russian coalition led by England and France. During the almost two-year war that was fought around the Black Sea and in the Crimea, Russia had stood alone against the Western power. Even the Hapsburg Empire—to which she had sent soldiers to put down Hungarian rebels in 1849—abandoned Russia by 1854. The Austrian Imperial government was terrified by the prospect of Russian expansion into the Balkans, if the Turks were driven from the region.

For Russia, the main enemy during and after the Crimean War was Lord Palmerston's England. England, after all, had been the architect of the anti-Russian combine of the 1850's, and by the 1860's was creating for herself a Central Asian empire in competition with Russia. Pickens and, later, Seward presented the Americans as a countervailing force to Russia's Western enemies. But the Russians wished to believe this in any case. Two days before Georgia's secession Edward Stoekl, the Russian ambassador to Washington, bared his breast in a letter to Prince Alexander Gorchakov: "Great Britain seems to enjoy a stroke of fortune rare in history. She alone will profit by the destructin of the United States, but it will be fatal to the rest of the world." Soon after, in communicating with Seward, Gorchakov described the Union as "an essential element in the political equilibrium of the world" and as "the only commercial counterpoise to Great Britain."

The diplomatic evidence suggests that Russia and the Union were linked almost excusively by ties of *Real-*

politik. The notion of Lincoln and Tsar Alexander II choosing each other as role models for emancipating serfs and slaves is simply a textbook fiction. Alexander freed his serfs—that is, put them under Tsarist supervision—before it became clear that Lincoln would emancipate Negro slaves. Moreover, Lincoln, from all available evidence, disliked Tsarist Russia. He had violently and repeatedly denounced it in the 1850's for mistreating the Hungarians and for suppressing national minorities. Indeed it was the Southerner Pickens, not Lincoln, Seward, or any Republican, who pursued the Russian connection on the eve of the War Between the States.

Dennis Reinhartz, writing for *Continuity*, maintains that the Russian connection was the keystone of Lincoln's foreign policy. One might add that it was the trump card that the proto-secessionist Pickens handed to his adversaries, even before the firing on Fort Sumter. Lincoln would play this card against England and, indirectly, France to keep the Confederates from building firmer ties with Europe. The Union's relationship with Russia was a cause for concern in the English government. In 1863 Palmerston backed down in trying to force Russia to moderate her policies in Poland. Faced by a Russia no longer isolated, Palmerston reneged on his assurance to Louis Napoleon that their two countries would take a hard line on the Polish question.

Louis Napoleon also played Lincoln's game, because of his ties to England. Since the events leading to the Crimean War, the French Emperor had tried to construct a privileged relationship with England, against the two Eastern powers, Russia and Austria. His biographer, Albert Guerard, describes his often frustrated, but persistent efforts on behalf of this policy: "[He] sought England's friendship. He won over the fiery Palmerston, an old enemy of France, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert. But these were personal victories; under a tone of acidulous or ironic courtesy the policy of the English government was completely anti-French; and English public opinion spurned even that diplomatic veil." Although Guerard may exaggerate English Franco-phobia in the 1860's, he is correct in stressing Louis Napoleon's attempt to undo the effects of the first Napoleon's hostile relations with England. Louis Napoleon grimly accepted Palmerston's about-face on Poland and waited for England to move first in recognizing the Confederacy.

This brings us to a final misconception that historians have spread about diplomacy during the War. In John D. Hick's *The Federal Union*, one of the last patriotic American history textbooks used in our schools, he insists on treating Southern leaders and diplomats as lacklustre foils to their Union counterparts. To underscore Charles Francis Adams' diplomatic skills, he depicts William Yancey and, even more, James Mason as blundering neophytes in international affairs. Southern commissioners in Europe supposedly idled around, or paid lavish court on aristocrats, while waiting for bales of cotton to be shipped from Savannah, New Orleans, and Mobile. They foolishly believed that the need for King Cotton in Europe would open all diplomatic doors for them.

With all due respect to Hicks and other critics of Southern diplomacy, the Confederate commissioners in England and France were not inferior to their opposite numbers. Both Charles Francis and Henry Adams paid grudging respect to Mason as a resourceful adversary. Slidell was a polished, apt diplomat who made heroic efforts to pull Louis Napoleon out of the English into the Southern orbit. With no real bargaining chips, Confederate representatives in Spain worked doggedly to extract assistance there, promising to support (whatever that meant) Spanish claims to Santa Domingo. Southern commissioners failed to win recognition for their side from European states because they had been dealt a bad hand.

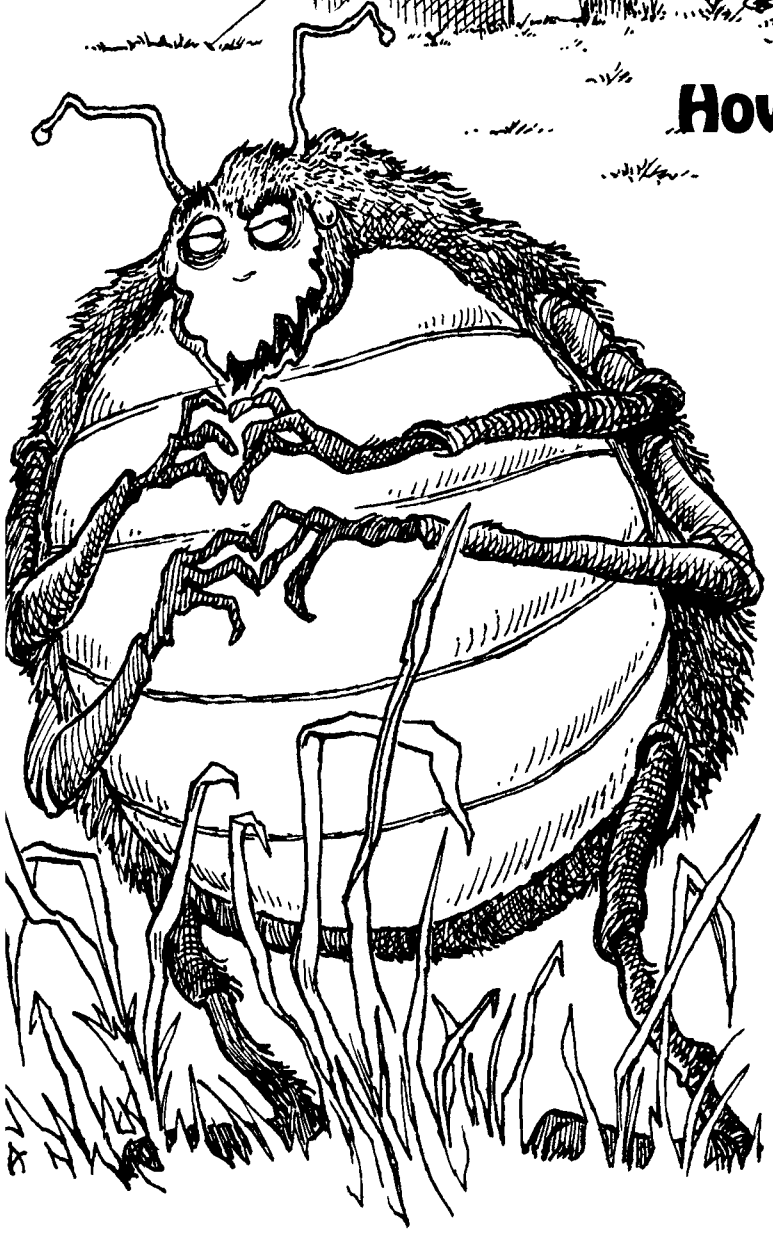
But other factors also weighed on the international scene. The South was hurt by its financial problems, such as the failed opportunity to market its cotton crop in Europe. The North, by contrast, benefited even from its material difficulties. In 1863 the American North ran an unfavorable balance of trade with Europe totalling 54 million dollars. This figure rose to 91 million dollars by 1864 and was paid for in species—European countries having no faith in either Union or Confederate paper money. The European, particularly English, middle class sold many consumer commodities to the North which had gone over to a wartime economy. Although the English also sold to the South, which they furnished with commercial destroyers, the blockade and growing indigence throughout the war-ravaged Confederacy made it commercially less valuable to Europeans than the North. Outside the textile trade, European commerce benefited from having the North at war. Recognition of the South by major European powers might have ended the profitable conflict—or have turned the North against its European trade partners.

It is of course unlikely that European recognition would have done much to change the course of events after 1863. Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and the other Union victories of that year made Northern leaders believe their war was winable. As in the case of Southern military efforts, the war on the diplomatic front could only have been won in the early stages of the struggle. Then it still would have been possible to force a demoralized Union to the peace table, through a combination of military victory and diplomatic breakthroughs. Afterwards harsh economic, geopolitical, and demographic realities were inevitably decisive. ☆

Paul Gottfried is no stranger to our readers. He is editor of *Continuity* magazine, a conservative historical publication. He also is on the faculty of Rockford College.

By Havilah Babcock

How To Get Rid Of Chiggers



"What's good for chiggers?"

"You must be from Virginia," the storekeeper answered. "They call 'em chiggers up there. Down here we call 'em red bugs. Down in Alabama they call 'em little red sons—"

"Right now," I interrupted, "my interest isn't altogether scientific. I'm not interested so much in the nomenclature of the species, as in ways and means of bringing about his demise on a large scale. I thought maybe you had something—"

"That I do, son, and it's a powerful simple remedy. Just take this bottle of turpentine here, rub it in good and deep, and every blessed red bug will curl up his toes and turn Republican."

Properly turpentined, I went back to camp. My companions had left for a two-day drive in another part of the swamp, but the prospect of spending the time alone was not unwelcome. With one little thing and another, I'd had a sleepless night. I would just loaf around camp and catch up. Scratching doesn't lend itself to an audience anyway. Like making love and asking a fellow to vote for you, it's a business to be prosecuted in privacy.

But turpentine was not the wonder-worker it had been cracked up to be. Whatever its virtues in other fields, as an antichiggerant it was a washout. In fact, it seemed to spur the enemy on to greater achievement. So an hour later, when a squirrel hunter chanced by the camp, I was again asking:

"What's good for chiggers? "

"What kind are they? "He cocked his head critically,

as if the matter called for connoisseurship.

"Thar's chiggers and chiggers, mister. Thar's North Car'lina chiggers. Thar's Georgia chiggers. And then thar's South Car'lina chiggers. Where did you get yours?

"In the Santee Swamp," I said.

"Then you've got the South Car'lina specie. Now, I ain't tryin' to belittle another state, but them North Car'lina chiggers is rank amateurs. And a feller can get along with that Georgia specie if he makes allowances. But tch! tch! ? " he clucked sympathetically and propped his gun againt a tree to do the occasion justice, "you've got the South Car'lina kind, than which thar ain't nothin' than-whicher."

"I do not know much about the subject of chiggers," I acknowledged. "I've never done any research in the field. But I had the general impression that a chigger was a chigger."

"Well, I recollect readin' a almanac onct. Accordin' to that feller's figgers, thar's a heap o' things South Car'lina don't rate so high in. But I'll tell you right now, mister, thar ain't no other state can hold a candle to us in the ouput of chiggers. Yes, sir." he snapped his suspenders with state pride, "the South Car'lina chigger is in a class by hisself! "

"Far be it from me to impeach the quality of your output in that field. I have reasons to believe, in fact, that the confidence you have so feelingly expressed in their superiority is well-placed. But my interest at present is rather on the practical side. In other words—-"

"*Exactly* what I am a-leadin' to, mister. Git yourself a onion, a big juicy one, smear it all over you, and watch them chiggers h'ist their tails and head for Texas."

I don't like onions, and I have reason to believe onions feel the same way about me. They make me sick, and if they knew how I feel about them, it would make them sick too. But it is a long-established principle of *materia medica* that no medicine does you any good unless it tastes bad. So back to the crossroads store I went. . . .

Back at camp and all onioned up, I awaited the promised exodus. But the only response I noted on the part of the chigggers was one of gratitude. It furnished just the *hors d'oeuvre* they were looking for. If I hadn't felt as bad as a human being could feel before, I would have felt worse now. When I ran into a timber cruiser in the swamp, I took him to camp and gave him a drink.

"What," I said, "is good for chiggers? "

"Chiggers? "

"Chiggers," I confirmed.

"Have you got 'em bad? "

"Well, I've got 'em in places where only a contortionist could scratch. Places where the presence of a chigger has never been recorded before. I've got 'em in the precise places where a man could get along best without chiggers. In other words, I've got 'em all over me."

"Well, I've seen people whose fixes I'd rather be in," was his candid comment, "but your case ain't hopeless. I've been pokin' around this swamp for along time, and I can give you a remedy that's guaranteed."

"Guaranteed? "

"Absolutely. Just get you a hunk of rancid fat meat, the rancider the better, and smear it all over you. If there's one thing a chigger don't fancy, It's rancid fat meat."

Here is a plausible fellow, I said, heading back to the store again.

"A hunk of your rancid meat," I said, never one to haggle over a trade.

"We don't sell meat by hunks," the storekeeper's wife bristled, "and if you mean to insinuate that our meat—"

"I don't mean to insinuate anything," I retreated. "It's for the chiggers."

"In that case," she escorted me to the back door, "there's a piece I threw out last week. It's been lying in the sun ever since. Every dog in the neighborhood has passed it up. Whatever rancid meat is good for, that there piece ought to be extrafine at," she said succinctly.

All rancied up, I shuffled back to camp. Now rancid meat is no doubt all right in its place, wherever that is. But as soon as I rubbed that greasy salt in, I was assailed by grave doubts as to *this* particular function.

All it did was to redouble my misery, and I was soon longing for a simple case of chiggeritis again. The only purpose it served was what doctors call a counterirritant, which means something that makes you hurt so much worse than you did before, that your forget what you used it for.

So pulling off my britches, I took up scratching as a profession and made a full-time job of it. But in such first-class chigger country, surely *somebody* must know the answer. It was just a matter of patience on my part. After all, I reflected, medicine is an experimental science. Sooner or later, sooner or later—if I lasted that long. So when a game warden came putt-putting up the river I hailed him:

"What," I asked, "is good for the chiggers? "

"Are you the fellow," he looked at me curiously, "who went to sleep on a deer stand? "

"Reckon so." My fame was spreading.

"And let a big buck waltz by within thirty feet? "

"I do not see," I said with a certain amount of dignity, "that that has any bearing on the case." A certain amount of dignity was all I could manage.

"No offense," he added. "I was just wondering. Now, it's a mightly good thing you asked me about this chigger business. I've got the very thing. Government medicine, in fact."

"Government medicine? "

"Here," he offered. "Take this extra bottle. All us game wardens who work the swamps carry it. You'll find it the very thing."

I pulled out the stopper and sniffed.

"Under whose administration," I asked, "was this put up? "

Two hours later, I began to lose faith in the Democrats. It was undoubtedly good medicine. You could smell it and tell that. But what it was good for was another question. That, I reflected gloomily, is what happens when the government goes into business.

By next morning, the little red wenches had begun to hatch out on me—and a chigger can out-blessed-event anything you ever saw. Wherever the second generation hit, they laid out their homesites and commenced excavating.

A tottering old darky shuffled by camp, his ax on his shoulder. Looking for lightwood knots, he said. Nobody, I figured, could live to be that old in this region and not be a chigger expert.

"Uncle, I asked hopefully, "what do you do when you get chiggers? "

"I scratches," he answered.

"But what do you do when you get 'em all over you? "I pressed.

"I gits my wife to help me scratch," he said.

Well, my wife is pretty useful around the house, and there's a lot she would do for me. I could have done worse, I expect. But you just can't tell another person *where* you want sratched; not the precise, elusive spot. You probably know how it is. Besides my wife was 500 miles away.

Around noon, an elegant-looking gent came by. A fly fisherman waiting for his boat paddler. A dandified fellow he was, with a professional air about him. Maybe—

"What's good for the chiggers? " I asked, having disposed of the amenities in record time.

"Chiggers? "He wiped his specs and blinked at me." So you've got chiggers. Well now, that's just fine."

"What's so fine about it? "

"I can give you a piece of advice, my friend, that will save you a lot of inconvenience. *Whatever you do, don't scratch!* "

"What? "I gasped, arresting one hand in midair.

If you don't scratch, you won't itch. Scratching is what makes it itch. I am a psychologist, and that is what is known in my profession as the James-Lang theory. I can assure you, sir, that sratching doesn't do any good."

"The devil it doesn't! "I replied in unscientific language.

I found myself wondering whether this fellow was really necessary to society. I have got a lot of advice in my life, much of it somewhat jackassical, but this was about the tops. "The population of ths country is too numerous," I mumbled vaguely as I walked away. "What I mean is, there are too many people in it."

In the afternoon three men came by, and I loved them as soon as I saw them. Shaggy, homespun fellows they were, with rough-and-ready manner and mud behind their ears. Professional alligator hunters they proved to be, getting ready for a night's work.

"What, gentlemen, is good for—"

"How bad have you got 'em? "

I pulled off my clothes. I pulled off my underclothes.

"You can see for yourself," I announced, parading shamelessly before them.

"Whew! " said the first alligator hunter.

"Fanciest needlework I ever laid eyes on," admired the second. "Wish my old lady could see it."

"One good thing about this here country. Plenty of trees for a man to scratch hisself on," opined the third.

"Your facetiousness is not especially well-timed, I replied stiffly.

"No hard feelings," said the chairman of the alligator hunters." Matter of fact I'm an expert on scratchin'. Had the seven years' itch once, and I know what'll fix you up good and proper. Only remedy I've never known to fail."

"What is it? " I asked.

"Tain't very highfalutin'," he demurred.

"*What is it?* "

"Asafetida."

"Asafetida? "

My mind reverted to my boyhood school days in the country. Whever an epidemic of any kind hit the neighborhood, every mother confidently tied a sack of it around her boy's neck. No self-respecting epidemic ever ventured near after that.

"But where could a fellow get asafetida? " I asked.

"Easy. We carry some in our boat—use it to tetch up the meat we use for 'gator bait when somebody wants a live one. Here, soak this in water and wash yourself all over with it. Your troubles will all be over, and you'll never forget the day you met us."

My companions were full of news when they returned to the camp that night.

"Saw the darndest rattlesnake," announced one.

"Didja? : I answered, preoccupied.

"Bagged a big turkey gobbler," bragged another.

"Didja? "

"Got the biggest buck you ever saw."

"Didja? "

"What are you scratching for? "

"Must be something I ate," I evaded. "Kind of rash, I reckon."

All of us went to bed in the one-room cabin as usual, but after ten minutes my companions began to evince a strange restlessness.

"Kind of warm," said one, getting up and stumbling outside.

"Must be the humidity," contributed another, following him.

"Such a beautiful night," murmured a third.

When the evacuation was over, I got up and went outside too.

They were all lying on the ground, muttering among themselves. As I approached, one of them sniffed and warily eased off in another direction.

"What have you been doing since we left? " they wanted to know.

"Oh, nothing. Just loafing around camp and using stuff on my chiggers."

"What kind of stuff? " they relentlessly pursued.

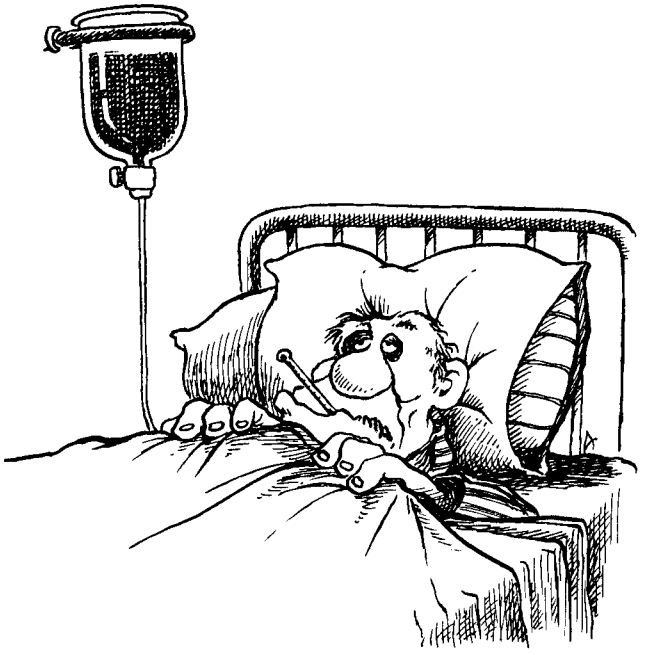
"Oh, just stuff. Different people told me about it. By the way," I asked as a sudden light dawned upon me, "do you fellows mean you can smell me? "

"We mean to say—since you brought the subject up—that we can't smell anything else. You smell like the first-aid room of a slaughterhouse."

"Whoever says I smell is a bald-faced liar," I challenged. "Hell, I'm closer to mysef than anybody else. Don't I know? "

"A man can't smell hisself," succinctly remarked the guide.

"You guys are crazy in the head," I stalked away. "Just because a man uses a few chigger remedies! I'm going to use some more tomorrow, and if you don't like it, you can lump it."



But the next day I was in a hospital. They rushed me there, thirty miles away, in the middle of the night, delirious and with a raging fever.

I'm still alive to tell the tale, but a heck of a lot happened in between whiles. Three days later, when I was feeling and smelling normal again, my companions came for me. They were newsy as usual.

"When we brought you in," said one, "a pretty nurse took one whiff and fainted clean away."

"When I asked an intern what was wrong with you," supplemented another, he said: 'Complications. No one disease could smell like that.'"

"You ought to have heard the orderly who carried him in," added the third." He said: 'Cap'n, you sho' do smell fatal! '"

"I'm afraid," interrupted the genial doctor, "that your friends are gilding the lily a bit. But just to satisfy my professional curiosity, what rememdies did you use? "

"I'm tired now," I explained." Ask me some other time. Those chiggers surely did me up, didn't they? "

"It wasn't the chiggers," he said." They were all as dead as a herring when you got here. It was what you put on them. You had about the worst case of remedies I ever saw. Must have had a lot of friends with favorite chigger medicines."

"Then when a fellow gets the chiggers, the first thing to do. . . ."

"Is to shoot all your friends," he laughed." There are two things about chiggers: first they are always funny—on the other fellow, and second, everybody has a favorite remedy."

"What is yours? "

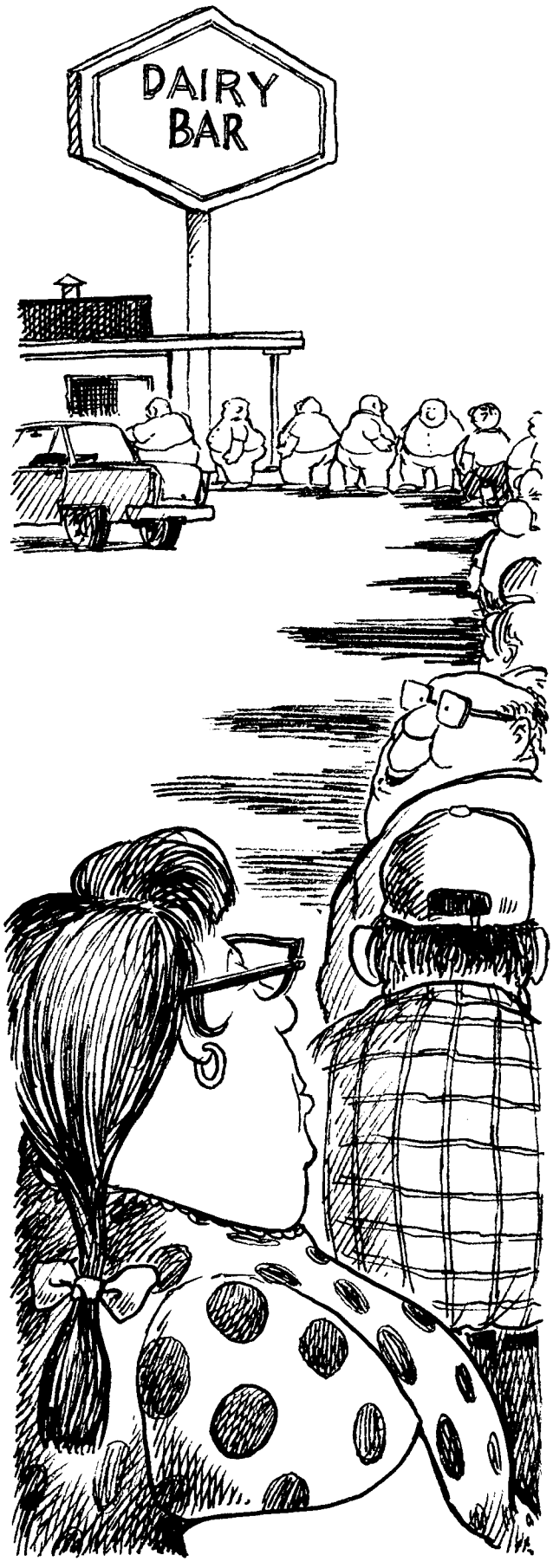
"Sulphur will keep 'em off. A nickel's worth, rubbed on your body before you entered the swamp, would have saved you a lot of misery and a $30 hospital bill."

"But *after* you get 'em? "I wanted to know.

"After you get 'em, the only thing you can do is to *outlast* 'em."

What this country really needs, I decided, is a good cheap chigger remedy. ☆

This story is reprinted from *My Health Is Better In November* by Havilah Babcock by permission of the University of South Carolina Press.



A SOUTHERN VIEW OF BEAUTIFUL OHIO

Readers from Ohio are hereby urged not to get mad, but to get even. Our Letters department is at your disposal.

By Cecile Gray

My husband returned from a visit to Rome last month with this story:

He had lunch every day, between research ventures, beside the famed Trevi fountain. Also every day at noon, the *pappagalli*, Italy's equally renowned lovers, gathered at the Trevi to convince friendly lady tourists that they were the greatest of guides to the City's treasure. In a burst of masculine camaraderie one slow day, these Romans 'adopted' my husband, and one of them who called himself Alfredo asked him: "American women are very beautiful. . . but why are they so fat? "

I assume that Alfredo must have met a number of Ohio women, or some sort of female Yankees anyway. There are, of course, voluptuous ladies in the South; but in the North the cellulite is positively flaunted. I think that perhaps they collect bumps and wrinkles on the thighs the way Southern women collect gold add-a-beads. And collections must be aired: in Montgomery, Alabama, the gold-swathed neck is shown to best advantage in a restaurant situation. Perhaps the best of these show places is amid the greenery ruins of the Victorian depot. In Westerville, Ohio, on the other hand, gals pack into short shorts and show their beady thighs as they queue up on main street outside the Dairy Queen.

The cellulite phenomenon is perhaps the first of the Yankee ways I noted when my husband and I first moved north, following that most elusive of dreams, a tenure-track position in an English department. I became aware of another Midwestern characteristic when the school

term began. Naturally, my first task was to learn enough names so I could call on a few students in class. I've never been exactly clever about recalling student names, but to my dismay I found myself totally unable to distinguish these Ohio freshmen from one another. I was beginning to think that moving to Grant and Sherman country had simply been too terrible a strain, when the scales dropped from my eyes and I saw that these students were all Germanic, and all looked just alike. Worse, they were completely—hair, faces, hands—the color of the institutionally beige wall behind them. To top it off, they all had the same names: I had four Jims and seven Marys in a class of twelve. (God love little David, though I never knew which one he was.)Knowing to call on "Jim" or "Mary" solved my immediate tactical problem. But I did find myself missing the kids I had last taught in Texas—Keebler, Dorcas and Hot; Eldred and Virgil; and Teresita, Jesus and Alonzo. They might occasionally pull a knife on dear teacher, but at least they were recognizable in a police line-up.

I leaped with joy during my second term when I was awarded a class containing one African exchange student and a middle-aged secretary with financial ambitions. I thought then, as I am inclined to think now, that nothing could be better than havng two students with distinguishing marks. This problem has in no way improved with my moving to another college, this time a Catholic seminary. Some people complain that in these decadent days they can't tell the boys from the girls. By some grace, I have always been able to, but it's a talent that does me no good now that I handle classes composed entirely of eighteen-year-old boys, most of whom are Midwestern Germanics named Mike.

But, one might say, children of that age tend to be a herd, lacking the confidence and experience to be anything else. Unfortunately, the similarity of each man to his neighbor does not stop after college. As incredible as this may sound, I assure you that the Midwest does not grow either Snopeses or what my mother calls "lovely people" (meaning moneyed-and-Episcopal-for-generations givers-of-teas-and-debutante-parties). In fact, they can conceive of neither. One former colleague of ours grew furious with me when I refused to agree with him that Faulkner's Snopeses were really fine people and just what Yoknapatawpha County needed most. After all, they had the decency to come in and stir up that hopelessy backward little society. As for "lovely people," Ohioans think they're a myth. They have never seen any, and refuse to believe that Boss Hogg isn't the epitome of Southern elegance, since he'd certainly outshine all their best.

Let me give you a couple of examples of these severe social lacunae. When I say that there are no Snopeses, I mean that I have never in Ohio seen one of those ancient Chevy trucks filled with sawed-off shotguns and rat-faced men. Nor have I seen a single yard littered with rusting car bodies. Even the poorest of the country people lack that quintessential seediness; the front of every hovel is bordered by flowers. The countriest housewives are more obsessively tidy than any Southern lady with two maids on the day before the Parade of Homes. These women dust the baseboards and the lightbulbs twice a week, and I've seen more than one of them sweeping the road in front of her house. Naturally, all this vigorous order-keeping whets the appetite for potatoes, cabbage and Polish sausage, the staples of the Ohio diet, and such appetites and diets do much to effect the desired Yankee frame. They more than earn those trips to the local DQ.

And if these pictures conjure a romantic image of the country folk, here is a slice of life from their alleged upper crust. In our first Ohio summer, my husband and I were invited to an afternoon garden party. We didn't know anyone to ask what one wore, so we decided that garden parties probably called for the same attire the nation over. We wore what we would have worn in Alabama or even in Dallas. Can you imagine our consternation when we were informed by our host, who was a man freer with advice than with courtesies, that by "formal" he meant for the ladies to wear shoes and gents to wear shirts, tucked-in shirttails optional? I smoothed by dress and sat at a remove, horrified to be clothed so conspicuously. The party went on, and the women who strolled over to talk with me made conversation as workaday as the Ohio goodwife's approach to homemaking. When the host announced that he was spiking the punch, I gratefully went over to have a cup. The punchbowl, I noticed, was really beautiful, copper-washed tin beaten into an ornately interlocking design. I complimented the hostess on it and asked her its origin. "Oh," she said, "Will's father got it out of a church in Greece during World War II." Looking a little more closely, I saw that the rim's ornamentation had the form of Greek crosses: the punchbowl was in fact a baptismal font. The local paper's social pages described it and the party in rapturous tones, without a hint of irony.

Ohioans are furthermore absolutely comfortable people; nothing ruffles them much or for long. True, they have a poet, but not of the sort whom mad Ohio hurt into song. James Wright is the height of their achievement, and if he's on the bland side and often himself preferred West Virginian subject matter, who could blame him? There's Thurber, too; but nary a Faulkner nor a Flannery O'Connor to be found. I've heard many a Southerner say that we write beter than Yankees because they never had the advantage of losing the War. I think there's more to it than that. In the final analysis, nothing at all very shaking has happened here, not ever, with the single exception of a mad day in 1970 at Kent State. They cling to that memory with teeth and fingernails, as one might expect. Further, they lack a class war, since there's only one class; the Jims aren't particulary chauvinistic (since women's rights are a good

contemporary liberal cause, and since it's as fashionable to lean left here as it is to lean right in Alabama), and the Marys are too busy dusting the snow and ironing doubleknit slacks to get excited over something as abstract as their own freedom; and everybody's the same race. If it weren't for Ohio State football, the collective blood pressure of Ohio would be thirty over ten.

Imagine me, a sort of female Gail Hightower in academic attire, trying to teach creative writing in this sort of world. Their poems were so boring that I cried out in despair, "Isn't anybody here even neurotic? "They blinked at me and chewed slowly. After awhile the one Jew and the one Catholic in the class volunteered that their religion had screwed them up. I replied, "Praise the Lord! Write about it." And I must admit that the Jew produced some pretty good stuff, but all about what his Jewish brethren had suffered in Germany. The Catholic dropped the class.

And while teaching that course I came to know yet antoher Ohio trait: abiding ernestness. I think it was T. S. Eliot who said that one would have to have a great deal of emotion to know what it is to want to escape from it. I don't think that there's an Ohioan on the face of the globe who would have a clue what he meant. They struggle to become tearier and angrier, without much success, and have a regular cult of creating creativity. But no one in Ohio tells stories, except the local displaced Southerners. No one cracks particularly wise. No one even snickers about sex or his neighbor. Oh, they talk about sex, and they gossip hard—but entirely ernestly, with all the cold logic of Descartes on being. And they take all things equally seriously; once we had English faculty meetings weekly for a month, trying to decide whether or not to replace a single novel in the sophomore curriculum.

As if a Southern emigrant didn't have enough to drive her mad as it was, I became a Roman Catholic in my second Ohio winter. It was then that I learned something more about Yankee notions of us. The young and (shall we say) straightforward priest was explaining the virtues of sacramental Confession to us one night, a hair-raising topic in and of itself, especially when he gave us the options on how to do it. One has a choice of kneeling anonymously on a hard board in a tiny, dark closet, or of meeting Father in his office, sitting down and accusing oneself face-to-face. The class unanimously agreed upon the virtues of the closet. Then the priest turned to me and proclaimed, 'You, of course, might as well do it face-to-face. I'd recognize your hillbilly accent anyway. "Hillbilly, indeed! I told him immediately that I was fifth generation Montgomery, and that the mountains of Kentucky in no wise go down to the Gulf, but I could see that my protest didn't register: all he could see when he looked at me was Mrs. Snuffy Smith. I imagine that he found my sins folksy, too, but he did have enough sense not to say so.

He, like most of his Midwestern compatriots, did not believe that he has the slightest trace of an accent. In an American literature class last fall I taught several local color stories about the American southwest in its frontier days. One character who took the fancy of my seminarians was Longstreet's Sut Lovingood. These Yankee lads decided that one of their fellow students, a Kentuckian who was no Snuffy Smith either, and I both talked just like Sut." No we don't," the Kentuckian replied in exasperation. Then a wicked look came over his face and he asked them, "Do you know what you all sound like? You sound like the phone operator. "He held his nose and threw his voice into a falsetto: *"Helloh? Helloah? Can I speak to Door-thee ple-ase?* "In case you've been blessed by never having heard a Yankee or an employee of Bell, I feel that I should tell you that he was asking for Dorothy, whose name in these parts is never pronounced in three syllables. I hooted; nobody else was amused.

A few other quaint patterns of pronunciation I noticed are these: one says, "Oh, hores! " for "Oh, horrors! " and advises people who have vitamin deficiences to eat "oornges" instead of "oranges. ""Horse" is "harse" and rhymes in assonance with "born" or "barn. "You can see how grading their scansions would be painful. And still they claim, *"We don't have a yiksint. You have a yiksint. We towk roight.* "People go to Hartmans' house, never to *the* Hartmans' house, and horses which in another clime would need grooming here "need groomed."

Making these observations has a built-in pitfall—one could easily become a professional Southerner, a more terrible creature than the Yankees that surround him. But the corrective is pretty simple; one merely needs to encounter one. I took a class this spring and was placed as if by fate across the seminar table from one. Phillip was from North Carolina. He wore a black armband on April the ninth; positively wouldn't shut up about Aristotle; and told the lengthy yarn of his conversion (caused, would you believe, by his reading of Leviticus!) until we were all ready to flee from the room and set to worshipping trees. Noticing my ashen face, one of the others in the class decided to tease me about my "countryman," which caused me to explain quickly and publicly that the South wanted a confederacy, not a nation—and that in Alabama we call North Carolinians Yankees. I don't believe that I could count on Phillip's support now, not even as an ally in time of war.

What can one do in my predicament? I become more ernest by the day, and I'm putting on weight. I don't dust lightbulbs, but I do see that they really need dusted. Adaptation is the way of survival. But if any Southern English department chairman would like to save us before it's too late, we are available. ☆

Cecile Gray teaches at the Josephinum College. Her poetry has appeared in *The Ohio Journal, Spirit* and elsewhere.

Or Why Southerners Tell Stories

By Robert Drake

When Quentin Compson goes off to school at Harvard in September, 1909, he is asked by his new classmates and friends (as has been many another young Southerner before and since) to explain his homeland: *"Tell us about the South. What's it like there. What do they do there. Why do they live there. Why do they live at all."* And a few months later his Canadian roommate, Shreve McCannon, upon hearing of the death of Miss Rosa Coldfield, whom Quentin describes as "'an old lady that died young of outrage in 1866 one summer,'" wants to know right then, in January, 1910, what she died for—"'one Southern Bayard of Guinevere who was no kin to you'" at all! And thus he begins the role of half-tease, half-devil's advocate he plays so brilliantly throughout Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* Later on, as the dark and terrible story of Thomas Sutpen and his fatal "design" unfolds, Shreve will exclaim, "'Jesus, the South is fine, isn't it. It's better than the theatre, isn't it. It's better than Ben Hur, isn't it. No wonder you have to come away now and then isn't it.'" But finally, near the novel's end, having heard Quentin out and himself having entered into the "game" of reconstructing Sutpen's story with considerable zest, he halfway apologizes to Quentin for his brashness about the South and its history: "'Wait. Listen. I'm not trying to be funny, smart. I just want to understand it if I can and I don't know how to say it better. Because it's something my people haven't got. Or if we have got it, it all happened long ago across the water and so now there ain't anything to look at every day to remind us of it.'"

And he's been a good listener too. If not exactly a Wedding Guest to Quentin's Ancient Mariner, he's been at least a not unsympathetic audience but mainly a "scientific" intelligence (and, remember, Shreve is going to be a surgeon), weighing, probing Quentin's narrative from time to time, in some cases as a kind of brilliant cross-examiner, and of course contributing something of

Why do Southerners tell stories? Robert Drake provides an insightful answer to that question by taking us on a journey into the world of Faulkner's ABSALOM, ABSALOM and Southern literature.

his own in speculation and conjecture as the story—and the game—proceeds. But always he's an outsider—the critical "modern" evaluator who really can't get inside the "myth"; and he frankly confesses as much to Quentin. Quentin, of course, gives the immemorial response: "' You can't understand it. You would have to be born there,'" he says. But then Quentin himself isn't sure he understands it all either. And he lies there shivering (and not just from the New England cold) in their dormitory bedroom, his spirit vastly troubled by the nightmare vision the two of them have conjured up, "thinking 'Nevermore of peace. Nevermore of peace. Nevermore Nevermore Nevermore'" and unable, at the very end, to counter the final question that Shreve, the sometime skeptic and ever the tease, puts to him: "'Now I want you to tell me just one thing more. Why do you hate the South? '"And Quentin, for the first time now at a loss for words—and perhaps like many another young man for the first time far from home, can only protest again and again: *"I don't. I don't. I don't hate it! I don't hate it! "*

And so we're back where we started. Of course, one way to look at the whole novel is to regard it as the response to Shreve's original request to "tell about the South," which I take as a request to *explain* the South. But Quentin can't do that. Instead, he tells a story—a story which began for him, when, as a boy, he first heard of Sutpen and Sutpen's Hundred, then came closer the day he and his father were out shooting quail and came upon the Sutpen graves, and finally burst most dramatically—and furiously—into life for him the preceding fall when he heard Miss Rosa Coldfield begin her version of the demon-ogre's rise and fall "from a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon." After that there were his father's contributions to Sutpen's story (most of which he had received from his own father) and Mr. Compson's surmises about its central mystery—Henry Sutpen's killing of Charles Bon and his subsequent disappearance in 1865—as they waited on that September night until it was time for Quentin to take Miss Rosa out to Sutpen's Hundred and the final ocular proof he found when he got there, the whole finally concluded after he and Shreve enter the story themselves four months later at Harvard, where, in a sense, it all begins.

But what an "explanation" to give to an apparently straightforward request—"to tell about the South! "Instead of an explanation, an *analysis*, we get a *story*. And furthermore, what it seems to be about is an impious man who tries to force his will (design, he calls it) on a universe reluctant to submit and his consequent destruction and the frustration of his design. Now what on earth does all that have to do with the South? Cleanth Brooks has observed that Sutpen's fall can't be taken as emblematic of the Confederacy's defeat and the subsequent fall of the old order in the South: after all, the nemesis which overtakes Sutpen would have arrived even if the South had won. Furthermore, Sutpen himself is not all that "Southern": he's an outsider, the poor boy from the mountains of western Virginia (what would later be called West Virginia), who has been determined to rise in the world, to acquire all the stage properties of what he fancies the Southern pageant: land, slaves, the big house, the respectable wife, and of course legitimate male heirs.

There may be an interesting parallel here with Gerald O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*, also published in 1936. Gerald, too, is a "new" man, an Irish immigrant outlawed from his homeland by the English "oppressors," who aspires to become a planter-aristocrat. He, too, wants the big house and the land and the slaves; and he too wants a respectable wife. And he acquires them all—the house and land in a poker game and the aristocratic wife (along with her "house niggers") by "luck" almost as great. Fortune smiles on him and he does "arrive," in the opinion of his more settled neighbors. But he, too, is frustrated in his desire for a male heir; and, in due course, his oldest daughter becomes "head of the family." In his case, unlike Sutpen's, both family and plantation survive. Gerald O'Hara didn't have a *design*, though he had a *dream*, like many another outsider who has come to these shores. And in its achievement he never mocked the fundamental laws of God and man. But Thomas Sutpen is different. He attempts to lay hold of the tradition, realize his design by violence, and nothing will stand in his way. Thus, as Brooks concludes, he is more nearly "on all fours" with the Robber Barons of the Gilded Age than at one with the old families of Yoknapatawpha County. So what's Southern about all this, and why does Quentin tell Shreve a story anyway?

I wonder whether I may not call as a witness here Edna Earle Ponder, the owner and operator of the Beulah Hotel in Clay, Mississippi, and the narrator of Eudora Welty's *The Ponder Heart*. She's the "go-between" between her family and the world, she says; and like many other spinsters in a traditional society, she seems to be at the heart of community as well as family life. But there are some mysteries even she can't fathom—for example, why she still misses Uncle Daniel's tacky, child-bride wife, Bonnie Dee, after her untimely death. (". . . ordinary as she was and trial as she was to put up with—she's the kind of person you do miss. I don't know why—deliver me from giving you the *reason*,"

she says to her listener at the novel's end.)Maybe that has something to do with it. In a world where time and place and people are all real and immediate, certainly so for the insider, it's very difficult for him to divorce himself sufficiently from the context to be properly analytical about them, to *explain* them. And why should he want to anyway? Isn't it much easier, doesn't it make more sense, simply to tell a story—certainly when what he's been asked to explain constitutes a kind of basic mystery in his life and in his world? But then may not the story in turn become almost a parable, as in the New Testament? Is that his only possible explanation?

...why shouldn't they [Southerners] be especially susceptible to the spoken as well as the written word, in a society with such a strong sense of community...

Perhaps this is one penalty one pays for living in a traditional society, for being *frum* somewhere, as Flannery O'Connor once put it: his sense of the traditional pieties (whether of history or geography or persons) is too strong to permit anything else. But what he can do is tell you a story, which may, in due course, explain a lot—but not directly so. So don't look for any answers, any reason there. *Implications* would be more nearly the word. And that's the way of drama, not journalism; the way of literature, not sociology. And in the case of the modern Southern writer he has had one Hell of a story to tell.

When Walker Percy won the National Book Award for his first novel, *The Moviegoer*, in 1962, he was asked the perennial question about why the South has produced so many distinguished writers in our time. He replied, "Because we lost the War." And I've always taken him at his word, and I don't think he was just waving a Confederate flag either. For good or for ill, most Southerners who have grown up in this century have had, beyond whatever actual memories their ancestors may have retained of defeat and occupation and privation, a sense of "something" that happened way back there, a long time ago, that irredeemably changed their world and their lives—a cataclysm after which nothing in their culture was ever the same. And they have felt consequently chastened and subdued. (Percy, in his response, I believe, went on to observe that "we have had our fall.") And this was a disaster that no amount of time and money, artifacts and hardware could remedy: something that was fundamentally true about the world and basic to human existence and beyond the reach of antibiotics and indoor plumbing, valuable as they may be. And no matter how far or how fast you ran—toward the ever dwindling frontier or the big shining cities, with all their facilities, you couldn't leave it forever behind.

It's a world which is "all of one piece" too, "an enormous spider web," as Robert Penn Warren's Jack Burden observes, which vibrates throughout when only one filament is disturbed. And it has a past which lives on into the present and looks forward to the future—and all of them part of the same continuum. It also has a place, which is more than just geography; it's a home, where its inhabitants have been nurtured, where they have felt they belonged, were *frum*. Whether they continue to live there in later life, whether they always like it is beside the point. For good or for ill, it has forever defined them, which is not to say whole entities and not just as statistics. Actions do have consequences too, and the world does often make sense. So why shouldn't Southerners write, tell tales? And why shouldn't they be especially susceptible to the spoken as well as the written word, in a society with such a strong sense of community, even intimacy, where ballad and folk tale have often flourished and even talk can be an art? (One can't conceive of *Absalom, Absalom!* without its "voices," whether reported or only "imagined.")

Is then a great deal of modern Southern fiction and perhaps poetry too (one thinks particularly of Davidson, Tate, and Warren) a kind of response to Shreve's request to Quentin, to tell about the South? Has Quentin himself been the sort of prototypical modern Southern author who can't *explain* the South to the Shreves but can tell them a story—and that story seemingly not about the region itself but about the people who live there, as did their ancestors before them and as, presumably, the descendants will after they are gone? Is any other sort of explanation really possible ever? I am certainly not trying to turn the great body of modern Southern literature into apologetics, but I think a great deal of it has often been *provoked*—one way or another—by some sort of encounter with a Shreve. (And there are always more Shreves than Quentins, remember.)Who and what are they? Mencken and his Sahara of the Bozart, for example, Mencken and Darrow and all the rest at the Scopes trial in Dayton, the "national media" in the later civil rights troubles—all such catalysts that put the South and Southerners on the witness stand, sometimes like Shreve, at other times like a hostile prosecutor who asks, "Have you stopped beating your wife? "Sometimes Southern writers have indeed responded in the form of apologetics, as in William Alexander Percy's *Lanterns on the Levee*, at other times even in polemics, as in *I'll Take My Stand* by the "Twelve Southerners"' more often, though, I like to think that they have told stories. That has usually been their response to the Shreves when their travels, their lives have taken them outside the South, away from home, I think. And in the long run it may have been the best kind.

Absalom, Absalom! then doesn't explain the South any more than does *Gone With the Wind*, comparison with which isn't altogether to the latter novel's discredit. (They both have to do with that central conflict in modern

Southern literature: tradition *versus* anti-tradition. They are both concerned with the problem of *survival*—and on what terms. And they both show what it's like to have history happen to you. I may add here that the widely different narrative methods employed in both seems eminently appropriate, even inevitable for their respective themes. In any case, Faulkner's novel doesn't explain Thomas Sutpen; but it does dramatize what happens when man tries to be a law unto himself. The horrific—and sobering—spectacle is seen for what it is because it is played out against a background and within a context where people and their actions are discerned as responsible to some sort of moral order which may be bigger than they are. That the social and economic order of that world is grounded in slavery doesn't vitiate its pretensions—and professions—to such moral considerations. At best, slavery was believed a necessary evil and perhaps even an institution divinely ordained. But the Old Adam remained the same, whatever the color of his skin. And that was, finally, Thomas Sutpen's real trouble.

The world in which his story is played out, though, is somewhat foreign to the modern sensibility, I suspect. For in that world, God is definitely not mocked; and the sins of the fathers are indeed visited upon the children. The spider web of history—and geography—is real too, and the whole world is indeed one. And this not just in spite of, but almost on account of, one's involvement in his own time and place. One of the most affecting things in *Absalom, Absalom!* , I think is Henry Sutpen's coming home to die. He doesn't elect to stay away and die anonymously in the slums of some big Eastern city—or, more likely, I think, in some unknown habitation "out West." Instead, he chooses to come home, back to where he came *frum*, where his crime was committed, whence his life derived not only its very being but also whatever meaning it may have since attained; and in his beginning he will thus find his appropriate end. And the exile is finally an exile no more.

And perhaps that's what *Absalom, Absalom!* —maybe even a large part of modern Southern literature itself—is really about: *home* and what it means to be *frum* there. Does one love it; does he hate it; does he do both? And does it really matter anyhow? It's like his skin: he can't get out of it, no matter what. But it has defined him, made him what he is. And he can't explain it—an undertaking perhaps both impossible and impious as well. What he can do, though, is tell a story. And the burden of that story is often, I think, one word: "Remember!" For he is apt to be a man with a long memory: his culture has seen to that. And furthermore, he may believe, piously, that the evidence is never all in—not at least while we live on this terrestrial globe. And that is why history must be written and rewritten, stories told and re-told, as long as there are people to read and hear them. And nobody ever knows the whole truth about Thomas Sutpen or anything else. (See Katherine Anne Porter's *Old Mortality* for yet another dramatization of this theme.)

Such a commitment, such an obsession ages one, of course. Quentin tells Shreve that he is older at twenty than many people who have died; and Walker Percy's Binx Bolling says that what's wrong with Northern cities is that there aren't any ghosts or heroes there and the "Midwestern sky"—he's thinking of Chicago—is "the nakedest loneliest sky in America." One commentator has even observed that it is something like this which may help to account for the conspicuous number of cults and other exotic, even violent cultural manifestations in California in our time: finally, not even all that sunshine is enough! It is not so, however, with those who have written the South's most distinguished literature in this century. Blessed—and perhaps cursed—with what Donald Davidson called "the long remembering," they have been content mainly to contemplate the human condition and the divine comedy in which it finds itself and discern there not an explanation but a story—no either-or proposition but a multi-faceted spectacle, ever changing and yet always the same and of course the best story, finally, of them all: in Faulkner's own words, the human heart in conflict with itself. ☆

Robert Drake, a noted writer of fiction, is a regular on these pages. He teaches at the University of Tennessee.

A CHRISTIAN

A review of Under the Mercy by Sheldon Vanauken (Nashville: Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1985, 263 pp.)

Edmund Wilson once referred to *This Side of Paradise* as the "collected works of F. Scott Fitzgerald," because the novelist had managed to work into his narrative all the poetry, short stories, and letters he had written as an undergraduate. Wilson had not meant the phrase as a compliment; it implied that Fitzgerald's novel lacked form and unifying vision, that it was an amorphous stew made from everything left in the refrigerator.

In like manner an imperceptive reviewer might be tempted to call *Under the Mercy* "the collected works of Sheldon Vanauken."It too contains poetry, letters, and essays embedded in a prose narrative—in this case an account of Vanauken's life after the death of his wife, about whom he had written so movingly in *A Severe Mercy*. But the criticism is more applicable to Fitzgerald than to Vanauken. Wilson found in *This Side of Paradise* a thoroughly self-indulgent sensibility—a novelist who didn't fully understand the nature of the novel (*This Side of Paradise* is still selling briskly by the way). Vanauken, on the other hand, knows precisely what he is writing, and his work admirably fits itself to the implicit shape of the genre.

For *Under the Mercy* is a "spiritual autobiography," a type of narrative that is even older than the novel and which has appeared in every significant period of literature from Roman times to the present. The spiritual autobiography is not just a chronicle of entertaining incidents but measures itself chiefly in movements of the soul. Consequently it has a shape and a meaning that other autobiographies don't have. Such is the case with *Under the Mercy*.

After the death of his wife, Vanauken tells us, he was tempted to buy a boat and sail aimlessly around the world. Instead, he joined the great protest movements of the Sixties—the civil rights movement, the anti-war movement, and in the end the women's lib movement. In a commentary that brilliantly dissects this turbulent era he tells us precisely what was right about these movements and what was wrong (for ultimately he came to regard his commitment to such secular causes as grievous sin).

And indeed it was a curious lapse for someone who could describe his political philosophy as follows:

> *Perhaps, more basically, I was (and am) an old-style conservative of the Southern Agrarian sort, as defined in* I'll Take My Stand. *This includes an abiding belief in the value of the landed gentry—far from the usual connotation of 'radical.'*
>
> *And, to look ahead to the present day, I am neither a whole-hearted Republican (big-business conservative)* nor *a whole-hearted Democrat (big government as well as government-interventionist liberal). Nearly the only cause I whole-heartedly support is that of the environmentalists—a basically conservative (conservationist) cause supported mainly by liberals—conserving, that is, the air and water and forests and critters,* including *the babies slain by the abortionists, as valuable, surely, as whales and minnows.*

So why did he enter into the ranks of the hippies, flower children and professional rabble rousers who turned society upside down in the Sixties—writing tracts, demonstrating in the streets, and singing protest songs?It was, as he carefully describes it, an insidious and highly credible process, born of the best Christian motives, and nurtured by a well-honed conscience that became confused somewhere along the way and curled up in a comfortable corner of his soul to sleep out the decade. It was awakened in the end by what he describes as "nudges" from God, Who reminded him with no more than oblique hints that the only cause that the Christian can possibly recognize is the cause of Christ.

About the civil rights movement, Vanauken reflects that it might have been better served had the Federal government not intervened in a manner that was repressive and therefore less civilized and less effective. Of the Viet Nam protest, he now wonders if he was not, after all, wrong—particularly in the light of subsequent history. About the feminist movement, however, he has no doubts—it was, and is, irrationally, perversely wrong-headed—a denial of the deepest realities of the human condition.

His interpolated essays on these and other subjects are invariably engaging and intelligent. Some of them are

PILGRIMMAGE

By Matthew Sandel

brilliant—among the finest social commentaries of our time. "The (False) Sanction of Eros," for example, defines and repudiates the emotions that prompt literally millions of men and women to leave their wives or husbands for someone else, certain that they are justified in so doing by a vague feeling that to them seems "holy."In the course of discussing this phenomenon—perhaps the most compelling and destructive impulse of our time—he puts his finger precisely on why people no longer are able to keep their marriage vows. It is, he tells us, because they no longer understand what those vows mean—or indeed what any vow means, however sincerely sworn.

> / *The misunderstanding was of what vows are. They thought the vows perhaps an expression of their feelings: a confident* prediction, *as it were, of what they would feel—this high and holy ecstasy—for ever. So of* course *"till death do us part"—nothing could possibly part us. Of* course *"forsaking all others"—have we not found, each in the other, incomparable perfection?They were utterly sincere. They believed their prediction. . . They do not understand that vows are* their *promise—to God as well as each other—for the times when they are not feeling the estasy of inloveness. No vows are necessary for those in love; nothing can separate* them *but force. The vows are a gift from one to the other; not a protestation of love. That's what they don't understand. Here and now they are saying, each to the other: "This is my* promise. *This you can trust. This you can lean on in the bad times and as long as life shall last: whatever I may* feel *at any given moment, I* will *be faithful. Never fear. You have my word.*

/ Another essay on modern attitudes toward sexuality, "The Bachelor," takes up the tyranny of Freudianism and its inevitable tendency to demean those who choose to live a life of celibacy for whatever reasons. This discussion is part of a larger treatment of love and friendship which attempts to restore a traditional respect for decent human emotions in a time when all relationships have been called into question by the modern obsession with sexuality. In these matters Vanauken is consciously challenging the Spirit of the Age in the interest of our very survival. Even questions of nuclear holocaust seem insignificant in the face of these crucial preoccupations, which lie at the heart of a spiritual decay unprecedented in the history of the world.

Vanauken himself demonstrates that a "mere" Christian—armed with good sense, the authority of tradition, and a submissive spirit—can hold the world at arm's length and examine it with a fine impartiality.

The last section of his book is devoted to the reasons why he finally chose to abandon the church into which he was born (and in which his mentor C. S. Lewis died) and enter the Roman Catholic Church. If Episcopalians want to know why so many sheep bolted from the flock they have only to read this thoughtful assessment of the choices left to those who expect the church to represent eternal truth as well as speak to current needs and ideas.

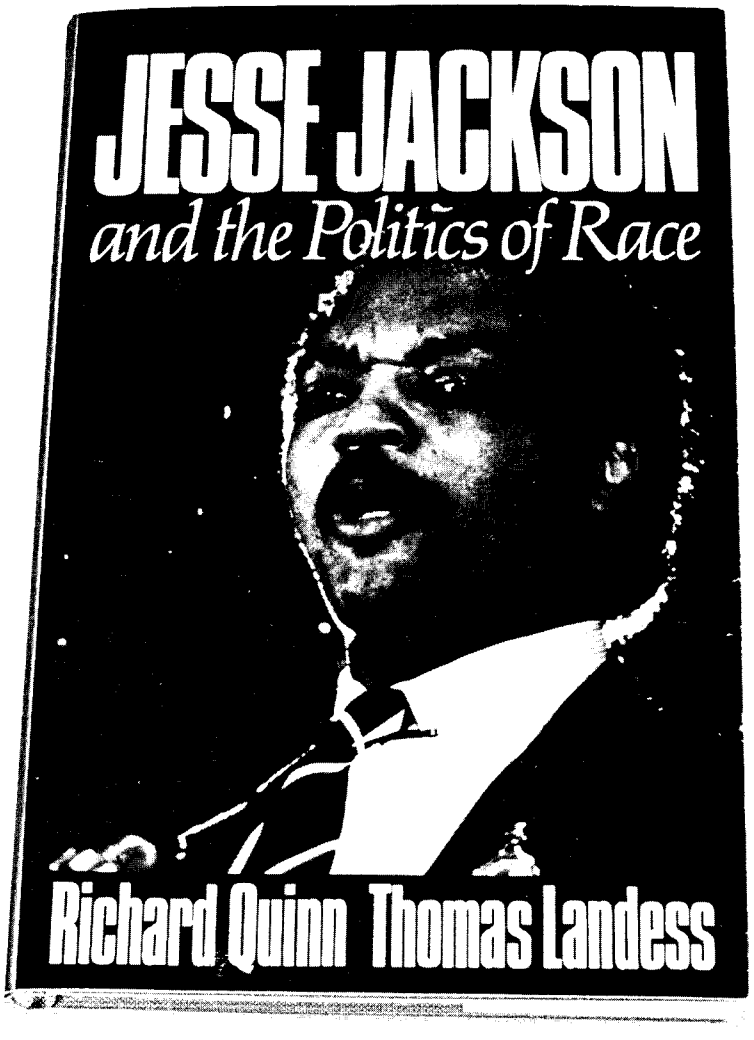
Throughout the book Vanauken keeps returning to two fundamental axioms which have given his life meaning and direction: he is a Christian and he is a Southerner, and he sees the latter as something growing perfectly and gloriously out of the former. Often when he wants to find an historical example of heroism or commitment to principle he turns to the War Between the States, and when he talks about the Union he does so with suspicion and distate. He is, from the first pages of this volume until the last, a fighter for the Lost Cause as well as for the eternal victory.

It is inevitable, therefore, that this sequel to a best seller will suffer in the eyes of the world. While *A Severe Mercy* might have been written by a steady writer for *The New Yorker*, *Under the Mercy* was clearly written by a three-time contributor to *The Southern Partisan*. And those of us who share in his vision should cherish his book, for it has been born out of suffering and courage. ☆

Matthew Sandel is an academic-turned-writer who has just finished his first novel, which he is certain will win the Nobel Prize.

A SPECIAL OFFER

FOR SOUTHERN PARTISAN READERS



MEET THE REAL

JESSE JACKSON A MAN WHO...

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★***Silenced Black Journalists*** who wanted to tell the truth with intimidation, threats of reprisal . . . and worse.

★***Stashed Funds From SCLC's Black Expo*** in a separate corporation, then resigned his job at SCLC to avoid a financial investigation.

★***Chose The Most Sinister Figure In Black America*** for an ally--Minister Louis Farrakhan, half-prophet/half-Kingfish, a man who tells his rapt followers that Elijah Mohammed is now ruling all nature, that he is punishing white people with great storms, that if the blacks are not immediately given a portion of the U.S. as their own, they will rise up and annihilate the white race (which Farrakhan says is not really human).

★***Was Viewed With Contempt by Major Black Leaders*** who were nevertheless forced to support Jackson's candidacy in the name of black unity.

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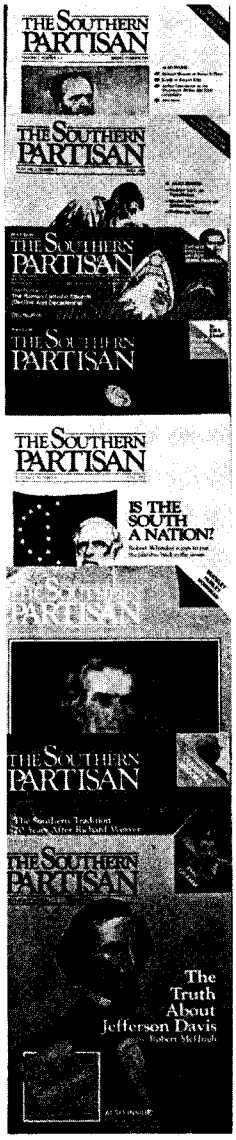

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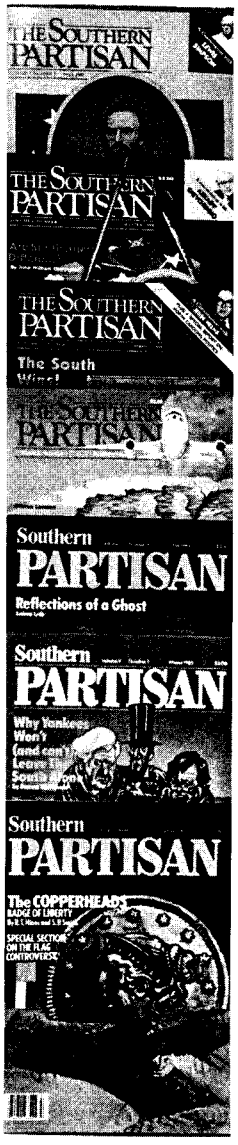

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

●CSS ALABAMA: BUILDER CAPTAIN AND PLANS, ***(135 pp. University of Alabama Press. $39. 50)*** Once in a great while in the historiography of the War for Southern Independence there appears a new work so rare and innovative that it deserves special recognition. Such a work is *CSS Alabama: Builder, Captain and Plans.*

In 1957, the Director of Libraries at the University of Alabama, William S. Hoole, discovered the original contract and blueprints for the Rebel raider in the files of a British shipbuilding company. Hoole wisely had the contract and plans copied—a fortunate act which became much more important when the originals disappeared some years later.

The University Press of Alabama first planned to publish the contract and blueprints with an introduction, but expanded the project to a comprehensive history of the Alabama, her builder, James Bulloch, and her commander, Raphael Semmes.

The author of the narrative is Charles G. Summersell, professor emeritus of history at Alabama. Summersell's history is terse, colorful, and graceful. Included in this handsomely designed and attractively bound volume are numerous photographs related to the *Alabama*, a copy of the ship's construction contract, and reproductions of the *Alabama's* blueprints—suitable for framing.

●FROM ANTIETAM TO FORT FISHER: THE CIVIL LETTERS OF EDWARD KING WIGHTMAN: 1862-1865, ***edited by Edward Longacre (295 pp. Farleigh Dickinson University Press. $18. 95)*** Sergeant Edward Wightman, a volunteer soldier in the Federal army, kept a diary of his combat years in the War Between the States. Wightman witnessed much of the worst fighting of the Eastern theater of the war and he was a professional journalist.

His letters read like a personal narrative and provide a chillingly detailed vision of what life was like for the young men in blue who marched into the blazing gun barrels of the boys from the South. Consider this eye-witness account of the Federal troops felled at Fredricksburg in 1862.

"I watched the advance of our troops in successive lines, listened to their deafening cheers as they double quicked upon the batteries, and saw the brave hosts melt away before the terrible tempest of iron hurled against them. . . . The quick wasting of the Union troops, who disappeared suddenly as if the earth had yawned and swallowed them, was awful to gaze upon."

Wightman's narrative continued through the last half of the war and ended abruptly with his death leading a charge at the second battle of Fort Fisher. He was a brave man, respected by his Southern opponent.

●CANNONEERS IN GRAY: THE FIELD ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, ***by Larry J. Daniel (234 pp. University of Alabama Press. $19. 95)*** Memphis native Larry J. Daniel has produced an important work on a neglected subject—the field artillery which supported the Confederate Army of Tennessee. From its organization through its scattered demise at war's end, the artillery branch of the principal Confederate fighting force in the West is documented in this well-researched book.

●IRON AFLOAT: THE STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMORCLADS, ***by William N. Still, Jr. (260 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $17. 95)*** In the brief period between its birth and its death, the Confederate States of America revolutionized naval warfare. Unable to match the industrialized ship-building potential of the North, the Confederacy was forced to rely on innovation and the result was the production of the first ironclad navy.

The Confederacy commissioned 22 ironclad warships during the war years—a remarkable accomplishment for an ill-equipped and undermanned navy. The most famous of ironclads was of course, the CSS *Virginia*, which battled and battered the USS *Monitor* to a standstill in the world's first duel of ironclads in 1862.

Author William N. Still—a first-class historian with North Carolina's East Carolina University—has produced what some historians are calling the definitive work on the Confederate ships of iron.

●RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER, ***by Captain William H. Parker (403 pp. Naval Institute Press. $16. 95)*** Although he was born in New York City, William H. Parker left the U. S. Navy to join the Confederacy in 1861. He had served as an officer in the pre-war navy and had spent four years as an instructor at the U. S. Naval Academy, but despite his old navy ties and his Northern birth, Parker was a Southerner by heritage and choice.

Parker's recollections are part of a new series, "Classics of Naval Literature," published by the Naval Institute Press. He was engaged in action from the war's beginning to its very end. From duties protecting Richmond on the James River to escapes as the commander of the CSS *Palmetto State*, Parker was witness to the war from a rare seat. Even at the end he was where the action occurred, accompanying President Davis on his ill-fated attempt to escape capture.

Parker's narrative is brisk and memorable. The war on water lives in his words.

BOOKNOTES

Helms & Hunt

William D. Snider; University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1985

In *Helms and Hunt: The North Carolina Senate Race 1984*, former Greensboro Editor, William D. Snider, has provided a well-written and provocative chronicle of what *Newsweek* called "the most colorful, expensive and nasty Senate contest in the country."

While the campaign was not all that colorful, it certainly qualified as expensive and nasty, for reasons out of the control of either candidate.

In spite of two elections to the Senate (1972 and 1978), Helms was definitely the underdog. Republicans were only about 33% of the registered voters in North Carolina. A monolithic black bloc was unalterably Democratic.

Hunt had been a popular governor and had created an organization that reached down to the precincts and encompassed Democratic officeholders at every level. Even some of his supporters felt uncomfortable when it was revealed that Mather Slaughter, a Hunt appointee, was checking the political loyalty of North Carolina sheriffs.

By pushing through a state constitutional amendment to permit two four-year terms for governors, Hunt had positioned himself to run against Helms, while an incumbent governor: No small benefit.

Polls pitting Hunt against Helms consistantly gave Hunt a comfortable lead. In October 1981, the projection was 46% Hunt to 38% Helms; in October 1982, 51% Hunt to 35% Helms. The October 1983 poll gave Hunt a clear six-point lead over Helms.

Helms was a favorite target of the more liberal national press pundits.

Moreover, the state's major newspapers unanimously and actively supported Governor Hunt. Senator Helms' attempts to explain his various positions in the Senate tended to be lampooned or ignored in his own state press. (Of North Carolina's 183 newspapers, only one, a 6,000 circulation weekly, identifies itself as Republican in sentiment.

Helms supporters concluded that if the Senator was to get his message to the voters, he would have to pay for it. A massive national fund-raising campaign was launched to raise sufficient funds to buy television time; whereupon, Hunt initiated his own media campaign to match the Helms' effort, dollar-for-dollar.

As Snider notes, the result was the most costly Senate campaign in American history. The 22 million dollar price tag amounted to some $4. 00 for each man, woman, and child in North Carolina.

The sad result was that the field of battle became the television screen, manipulated by high powered media professionals on both sides. In the hands of sprawling armies of hired partisans, Senator Helms and Governor Hunt, both innately courteous, sensitive gentlemen who have a genuine respect for each other, came across as petty, sniping politicians.

Mr. Snider is the highly respected Editor Emeritus of the *Greensboro Daily News*, North Carolina's third largest daily. While he makes no secret of his preference for Governor Hunt, Mr. Snider has made a commendable effort to be fair to both sides in his book. Even those instances where Mr. Snider fails to be even-handed are probably the result of his fundamental mindset rather than any intention to favor one over the other.

On election day, there was agreement that the race was too close to call. That evening, however, Senator Helms thumped Governor Hunt 52% to 48%.

Snider believes Helms was helped by President Reagan's landslide and the successful GOP gubernatorial campaign. He quotes a political scientist to the effect that each of these three top Republican contenders bought a different constituency into the GOP column.

While this is perhaps true, it is also true that there has been an "explanation" for each of Jesse Helms' victories, each suggesting that this determinedly conservative, outspoken Senator is an aberration on the North Carolina political landscape.

Three elections would suggest that he is something more. Indeed, it may just be that Senator Helms represents the views of the majority of people in North Carolina.

— Ham Horton

Faces in a Nashville Arcade

Herschel Gower; Graphic Press, Nashville, 1983

Faces in a Nashville Arcade opens with an *apologia* in the form of a letter from the narrator-main character Clark Templeton to his son Alison and ends with a "Postscript" from Alison about his father to us. In between is a look at Clark's relatives, friends, and fellow residents of Nashville. Book 1 is dated "Friday, April 30, 1937," and Book 2 "Saturday, May 1, 1937," though the Clark's mental chronology dates back to his grandfather David's life and into this own adulthood by means of flashbacks and recollections. Our first view of Clark comes as he endures his geometry class until he can escape the "lines and abstractions" which torment him to go see Greta Garbo in *Camille*—his favorite movie. In other words, Clark Templeton is a romantic—but one who cannot escape his past any more than any other Southerner. He fantasizes about Garbo, about being a great poet and about his own father and family. But he is destined to discover that David Templeton was a drunk who was killed brutally and perhaps meaninglessly by a cable car at the intersection of Cherry and Line Streets, bringing us thematically full circle back to Clark's symbolic trouble with geometry: the problem of order in the modern world.

This is a book about growing up, about fathers and sons, about the irrationality of reality, the mysteries of people. Mr. Gower knows that there is nothing easy about any of that. It is a Southern novel because of its setting and its author (a professor at Vanderbilt), but more importantly, it is Southern because its concerns are Southern: the present and the past.

—Sarah V. Bell

Edisto

Padgett Powell; Farrar, Strauss, Giroux, New York, 1984

Padgett Powell's *Edisto*, set "evenly between Savannah and Charleston" on the coast, also has a youthful narrator. In fact, the first words of this extraordinary first novel are "I'm in Bluffton on a truancy spree, cutting, we call it." Now one thing Clark Templeton and Simons Everson Manigault have in common is their humor, which infects this book. Perhaps Simons (pronounced "Simmons") will sound more like Clark when he is seventeen, but since he is very young, streetwise, and very independent, his humor is dry, understated, "hip." For example, he calls his departed father "the Progenitor" and his mother, the somewhat loose psychiatrist, "the Doctor." There is pathos underneath Simons' humor, but one of Powell's great strengths in this novel is keeping the pathos in check by allowing his character's *savoir faire* plus his innocence to keep the book moving. The tensions that help propel this twentieth-century Huck Finn story lie underneath a seemingly thin plot line: mother and father separate, each finds substitutes, boy grows up on his own, mother and father get back together. This too is a story about growing up, about fathers and sons, the past and present, and the mysteries behind people's lives.

Simons learns, via Taurus (the process server, lover of his mother, and friend of Simons), the "motto" by which he will live the rest of his life: "Never to forget that, dull as things get, odd as it is, something is happening, happening all the time, and to watch it." He learns the need for interpretation and something of the techniques for it. Perhaps Simons' first novel will be as perceptive as Powell's.

—Sarah V. Bell

Southern Is...

Mary Norton Kratt; Peachtree Publishers, Atlanta, no date.

Why do Yankees come South for the weather, then fuss about the heat? What makes it hard for a Yankee to say "y'all"—and yet have no problem saying "you guys"? Have you ever wondered why Yankees want things in a hurry—like *today*?

Well, it's because they take awhile to get educated to Southern ways. Now, everybody who was born in the South knows that things are done and said the right way down here, but you have to remember that Yankees are from the North (that's why we call 'em Yankees)—and that means you have to be patient and give 'em time to learn the culture.

Peachtree Publishers of Atlanta has gone into the business of educating our Yankee friends with a new little book about Southern style and customs. It's called *Southern Is. . .* and it educates while entertaining.

For instance, try this opening observation: "There's nothing very different about Southerners—except for the way they think and feel and act." Now that's a very perceptive observation—although a lot of Southerners don't know it themselves and go around acting just like they were from anywhere.

Or try this bit of wit: "Southern is knowing that ticking. . . a tick. . . and a blue tick are altogether three entirely different things."

This book can do a lot for folks who want to know Southern culture in a hurry—or if they just want to read a menu. "Southern is knowing what they're talking about when a menu offers hominy grits, livermush, poke sallat, creasys, collards and cracklin' corn bread."

This book even offers a dose of Southern theology: "Southern is. . . knowing when to shout 'Amen!' 'Hallelujah!' or 'Yes, brother!' at meetings, and talking about Jesus like He grew up next door."

Whether you're a Good Ole Boy or a Snowbird or a Transplanted Yankee, you'll probably like this book. If you have a Yankee friend who's having a hard time adjusting to the wonderful Southern culture, give 'em this book. Or if you're one of our happily transplanted friends from the North, send a couple of these little books back to your old buddies where it's cold—just to let 'em know you've improved your status by moving South.

—Rod Gragg

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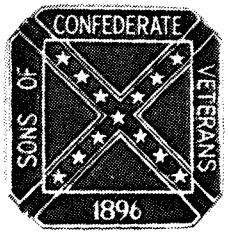

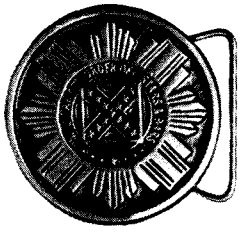

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CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL

JOHN HURLEY

Prior to the cessation of hostilities in 1865, stories were widely circulated that the South was about to lose the War. Fortunately, these reports proved to be false, and our Southern culture flourishes to this day.

One of the more significant manifestations that our culture is alive and well is the almost miraculous survival of Confederate Memorial Hall, a former home for Confederate veterans that has served as a center for Southern values in the nation's capital. Situated just eight blocks from the White House, this magnificent four-story structure is one of the most interesting and least known Confederate shrines in the country.

But the Hall's struggle for survival has not been easy, as most readers of *The Southern Partisan* know. Recent stories published in these pages have told of numerous instances when we were brought to the brink of losing this shrine.

Not only had the accumulated debt for the maintenance of the building become onerous, but the federal government, through the Internal Revenue Service, moved to rescend our tax-exempt status. And when we applied for tax relief from the District of Columbia government, we were slapped with a bill for back taxes for over $5,000. 00.

Well, I am happy to report to *The Southern Partisan* readers that, largely due to their response to our calls for help, we will not lose the battle for the Hall.

The Confederate Memorial Association, which administers the Hall, has recovered its 501(c)(3) tax-exempt status. Moreover, the overwhelming response of Southerners and Southern sympathizers, members and Camps of the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV), and members and Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (UDC) has allowed us to settle with the District of Columbia and retire most of our debt. And the Confederate Memorial Association has marshalled this effort with no budget (for no one is paid) and no staff. But what we lack in funds, we make up in friends.

National figures have spoken at the Hall to raise funds for the Hall's survival. These have included Dr. Russell Kirk, M. Stanton Evans, Dr. M. E. Bradford, and William Gill, co-author of "Why Reagan Won." Last month, Dr. Paul Gottfried, editor of *Continuity* magazine, spoke at the Hall.

The building itself has also been much enhanced by our friends: Mrs. Roger Wrenn Carroll, President of the Maryland Division of the UDC, donated the landscaping of the front yard and was instrumental in the acquisition of antique silver; General and Mrs. Leigh Wade presented the Hall with a period bowl (General Wade was the first man to fly around the world); Commander Homer Brett, Jr. of the Order of the Sword of Lee donated glassware; and Mrs. Andrew N. Hoffman, Jr. donated a flag pole and has arranged for it to be affixed to the building, which will make the Hall look like the embassy that it has truly come to be. In addition, Jack Voight, a SCV member, has donated the plumbing for the Hall and John Giannetti has donated the restoration of various plaster appointments in the interior of the building.

And now, Beverly V. Thompson, President of the Texas Educational Association, has favored us with a grant which I promised him would be used to help us communicate with CMA members. Therefore, those of you who are due membership cards, Patron's certificates, Confederate passports and other tokens of appreciation for your past support will be receiving them as we organize our new CMA membership campaign.

And membership in the CMA really means something. It reestablishes a Southern presence in Washington which members may use as a base of operations when they visit the capital city. The *Confederate Embassy News* will be published quarterly to keep members abreast of our activities. Members will also receive invitations to Southern balls and various diplomatic and Congressional receptions which will showcase our culture. Moreover, a catalogue of gifts will be made available to members.

Yes, Confederate Memorial Hall is once again becoming a center for Southern cultural activities, and I sincerely thank you all for making this possible and look forward to your continued support.

Embassy sources have learned that the White House was inundated with letters of indignation concerning their refusal to supply a wreath for Robert E. Lee's birthday ceremonies last January.

Unfortunately and incredibly, a few of our own people, eager to curry favor with the brokers of federal power, rushed to reassure the boys in the White House that the decision denying a ceremonial wreath to General Lee was correct and proper. At least we're in good company. After all, Stonewall Jackson was also shot down by his own men.

THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

THE SUPREME COURT CELEBRATES THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS THIS YEAR BY STRIKING DOWN (6-3) A SECTION OF ALABAMA LAW THAT SANCTIONS A PERIOD OF SILENCE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS "FOR MEDITATION OR VOLUNTARY PRAYER."

What, seemingly, on the face of it, could be more neutral, and what could be fairer? Pagans can avail themselves of that minute to chew the cud of their hubris, or contemplate their omphaluses, or hawk while Christians and Jews and Muslims worship.

None o' that! thunders Justice John Paul Stevens, speaking for the majority. Since Lemon v. Kurtzman (1971), statutes of this kind "must have a secular legislative purpose." Alabama's State Senator Donald Holmes, who authored Sec. 16-1-20.1, is on record that the precedent act permitting meditation alone was to him unsatisfactory, because by excluding prayer from the wording one is in effect putting prayer down, as though it were an obscenity of some kind. Thus, Senator Holmes' candid admission that behind Sec. 16-1-20.1 was the desire to rehabilitate prayer in the public schools disqualified it.

We, being sensible, may ask: to what purpose is provision for such silences? That the children pick their noses? That they hatch plots against teacher, the better to goof off? Come, now, what foolish, puerile games are we playing? We *know* what those one-minute silences are meant to encourage. Senator Holmes simply made no bones about it when he added to "for meditation" under 1978's existing statute the phrase "or voluntary prayer"; which, a reasonable person would say, accomplishes no purpose darker than giving religion equal footing with secularism. This, however, according to the Court, outrages the secular democratic decencies.

Ignore what Chief Justice Burger scathingly styled in his dissent as the "bizarre" irony that "on the very day" the justices were hearing arguments in the Alabama case, "the Court's session opened with an invocation for divine protection." You (and he) were under the impression that we are a nation conceived under God, were you? You thought that the principles of human dignity articulated in the Declaration of Independence and given political expression in the Constitution relied upon Christian illumination for coherence, did you? Forget it, friend. The Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is, even though the Court may render the Constitution absurd, and never mind the historical context of the enactment of any of its original articles, nor the historical context of subsequent amendments. This is the same arrogance of which we have had our fill since the reign of Chief Justice Warren, and which the Congress should waste no time rebuking (as it is empowered to do under Act. III, Sec. 2, Paragraph 2, but won't).

The 1st Amendment "unambiguously" states (to borrow style from Justice Stevens) that the Congress (and by 14th Amendment extension, the States) shall make no law *"prohibiting the free exercise"* of religion, yet this is precisely what the Court has been up to since the Schempp-Murray decisions. It's no longer Nine Old Men. There's a dame on the bench now, and a good-looker, too. But who(m) is Justice O'Connor kidding when she pleads that the majority is not really "hostile to religion?" In forcibly removing the explicit option of public prayer from school life the Court clearly inhibits the free public exercise of his conscience by the believer; clearly favors nonbelief over belief. It is persiflage to contend else. By the Jaffree v. Alabama decision the Court is not protecting the "freethinker" from being persecuted for his independent conscience; it is denying to the believer his right to have the option of belief acknowledged in the statutes, thus derogating belief. Belief becomes superstition in the official view. Moreover, if the right to believe nothing, logical contradiction though that be, is embraced by the protections of the 1st Amendment, which the Court holds, and if a period of silence in our public schools for meditation or worship is construed as the State of Alabama bestowing on religion official saction, then surely the contrary obtains; banning the statute that mentions prayer elevates secularism to the status of a state religion: that is, grossly violates the 1st Amendment by establishing a religion.

By the rope of its own reasoning is the Court hoist. The State inherently cannot be neutral in these matters. If to pass muster these statutes must be justified on secular grounds, then is a religious dimension being defined as illicit—contrary to our Republic's grain... which is a backhanded way of saying that *religion* is the aberration being protected by the 1st Amendment. How topsy-turvy is the world that the tortuous logic of the Court conduces to!

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